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TUESDAY, 2 MAY, 1837.

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THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, 2d MAY, 1837.

The *Atalanta* arrived on Saturday Morning from Mangalore, with intelligence to the 26th ultimo, the substance of which is, that on the Coast all was quiet, and that Mangalore had been left with a Captain's party of the King's 6th; a private letter however mentions a heavy cannonade of some hours, heard from thence a day or two previous. The operations in the interior were in the direction of Buntwalla and the Lower Coorg Country. The passage of the Bisleys Ghaat which was said to be stockaded by the Rebels, had been opened by a party of the Madras Cavalry. Provisions for our troops for some months have, we understand, been despatched from hence, from which a moon-soon campaign may be anticipated.

In the abeyance of the proceedings of our Steam Communication and Chamber of Commerce, arising we presume out of the expectation of some intelligence from Calcutta as to the *Atalanta*, we shall say no more for the present, than that we remain in hope that she will be despatched in the course of the month to the Red Sea. No doubt appears to be entertained of the practicability of her progress if despatched by the 15th instant, and even if this cannot be compassed, we think, in the conflict of opinions as to the feasibility of the passage in the height of the S.W. Monsoon, that nothing short of the experiment and its failure will convince the majority here; and here we are that after the despatch of the *Hugh Lindsay* to the Persian Gulf, nothing could more strongly tend to remove the impression, of a designed and most unfortunate neglect of the Red Sea Route.

The number of letters for the *Hugh Lindsay* from Calcutta and its dependencies was 2167. From Madras 442, and from Bombay 705. This however can be taken as no criterion of the faith placed in the certainty of their secure and rapid transmission. The temptation of writing overland, even on a mere chance, is always great. The proportion of duplicates to this, and to a Red Sea despatch, would be the test.

We have not yet seen the letter of Government to the Chamber of Commerce, announcing the non-diversion of the *Hugh Lindsay*, we presume however that it will be forthcoming, as the Public like to play, even with a King's Speech.

Intelligence has reached us of a most extensive and destructive conflagration which broke out at Surat on the 24th ult. and which by letters of the 26th ult. was then still raging. We have heard that not less than 20,000 houses had been destroyed.

We are able to contradict a report of the plague having reached Loonawarra or its vicinity.

A case was tried last Thursday, before the Court of Petty Sessions, which has placed in a strong light the reasonableness of an arrangement, of which the Native community here has long been most desirous. Two gentlemen, one an European and the other a Parsee, ran against each other while driving through the Bazaar; each of course thought the other in the wrong, but the representations of the European prevailed with the Police, and the Parsee was lodged in the Chokee, confined there all night, marched in the morning through the Streets with all the Rogues and Vagabonds, and being carried before the Magistrate, was held to bail to appear and answer the charge. He was tried accordingly last Thursday, when the Court pronounced its opinion, that the whole affair was the result of accident.

Now though a gentleman at home may be lodged in a watch-house, and subjected to all the indignities which arise out of such a confinement, without any feeling on his own part or that of his equals in rank that he has been disgraced, it is not so here. It is well known that occurrences the most trivial in our estimation are viewed by the respectable Natives as derogatory to their reputation, and it is also known that nothing is so obnoxious to them as the levelling forms which attend our administration of Justice. Time may have familiarized the Natives of Bombay with much that would be most painful in the interior, but it will be long before they view with indifference a system which subjects the rich and respectable equally with the poor and depraved, to personal restraint and, contact with the vilest or the most unfortunate of their fellow creatures. Soon after the introduction of the New Police, a very strong representation was made on the subject, but the Police Authorities, we believe, decidedly objected to that which, at the time, might have looked like a desire to perpetuate an improper practice ascribed to the old Police, to which we would not, at this time of day, more particularly allude. We cannot but think however that some arrangements may now be devised, by which any person may escape the vexation of a needless confinement, upon giving or procuring a sufficient guarantee for his future personal appearance.

MADRAS.

SPECTATOR.—APRIL 19.

A despatch dated the 10th, from Major Dowker was received at the Presidency on Friday night. It gave an account of the second attack made on Mangalore, which was on the 7th. The enemy then advanced upon his position from 4 different quarters. They were however met by discharges from the Carronades, which being snarled up by advances from attacking parties succeeded in dislodging them from the compounds, houses, &c. they had occupied around Major Dowker's position, and ultimately forced them to retire. In this attack the loss on our side was only 1 Man killed and 4 wounded (1 since dead); while it was computed to amount amongst the insurgents to 40 killed alone, 2 of the number being leaders.

The Detachment of 70 Men under Lieutenant Beck, from Honors, had arrived on the afternoon of the 6th. The reinforcement under Colonel Green reached Mangalore on the night of the 11th, and encamped on the parade ground. Colonel Green had received the usual directions to place himself in communication with the Principal Collector and act as circumstances should point out.

On Monday intelligence arrived from Captain Le Hardy, the Superintendent in Coorg, stating that he had proceeded to reconnoitre the Bisleys Ghaat, attended by Coorgs, and followed by the 36th Regiment N. I. On arriving there he found the insurgents encamped in numbers and well armed. While reconnoitring the party at the Ghaat, he was informed that a Subadar (an official exercising conjoint Civil and Military authority in the Coorg country) named Madheo, had gone over to the enemy with a body of Coorgs. This evidence of treachery induced him to carry the 36th Regiment back to Mercara; and instructions were sent to Colonel Williamson to visit Mercara on his way to the Bisleys Ghaat with the Detachment from Bangalore. The Commissioners in Mysore reported that an Arab Horse-dealer, taken near the Ghaat, stated, several bodies of Arabs to be on the way down from the Hyderabad country to join the insurgents.

The above named instance of disaffection in the Coorgs gave rise to much speculation and discussion. Yesterday however, we are happy to say, that it was made to wear

a different complexion. A despatch arrived from Colonel Cubbon, dated the 16th, by which it appeared that the Upper Coorgs were still staunch and faithful: the Subadar who had gone with his party over to the enemy was a Man of no note, and whose District, being in the immediate vicinity of the disturbed Canarese Provinces, was calculated to excite some fellow feeling in his mind. The Dewan, Ponniah or Bapoo, (we forget the name exactly) the Officer of leading consideration in the Coorg country, had on the contrary shown an excellent disposition, and had brought a thousand Men and 10 days stores to garrison Mercara, at which place the 36th Regiment had already arrived. Some have assumed that this counter movement is attributable to the approach and reported composition of Colonel Williamson's Detachment; but, from all we have been able to learn, the inhabitants, armed and unarmed, of strictly Upper Coorg have betrayed no grounds upon which a suspicion of disaffection could be based.

The above is a summary of all the material information that has been received since our last issue; to which we have only to add that we understand the *Atalanta* Steamer at Cochin, has been detained on the Coast to serve as necessity may require.

The 18th Regiment N. I. is under orders to march from Madras to Bangalore. This is not altogether consequent on the late movement at that station, a Regiment having been previously required to fill the vacancy created by the departure of the 2nd N. I. A Regiment from Palaveram will replace the 18th at Madras.

CALCUTTA.

BENGAL HURKARU.—APRIL 18.]

We are well informed that Lord Auckland in Council, has, as far as he considered it to be in his power, assented to the application by the Chamber of Commerce, relative to the change of route of the *Hugh Lindsay*, in order to effect which an express was despatched to Bombay, recommending the change, provided it can take place, without very materially interfering with arrangements already made, and be not in contravention of the orders from home upon the subject of communication by way of the Euphrates and Syria; a channel of correspondence which it is deemed desirable to keep open. If the Court Directors have made arrangements, to have the means of conveying on the mails, ready at Beirut, when they arrive there, we presume that the Bombay Government, if advised of such propositions, will not feel itself empowered to change the destination of the *Hugh Lindsay* on this voyage; but it certainly seems somewhat strange that the Court, having abandoned the Euphrates, should still cling to the desert. If on the other hand, no arrangements have been made, for forwarding on the mails, when they reach Beirut, and they are to wait there the chance of a conveyance, or be sent up to Sanderoun, or down to Alexandria, there can be little doubt that dispatches so sent, would most probably be longer on the way than by an ordinary sea voyage.

We noticed, just previous to the late inundation of European news, that we had been favored with a copy of the official report of the state and navigation of the Indus below Hyderabad, compiled by Lieutenant Carless, I. N. The subject is of much interest, and we would not willingly let the report in question pass unnoticed. This report is compiled from the report of Lieutenants Careles and Wood of the Indian Navy and Lieutenant Pottingers of the Bombay Artillery, to whom was entrusted the examination and survey of the river below Hyderabad.

The report is by no means satisfactory as far as regards the hope to be entertained of the facility of establishing a regular and permanent steam navigation upon the river Indus. The chief difficulty that seems to exist at present arises from the constant fluctuation of the course, or channel of the main stream. It appears that:

"The Indus formerly reached the sea through eleven large mouths, but three of them now suffice in the dry season, to discharge its waters; of these the Phittee, Pyntancee, Jough, and Richee belong to the Bugaur, and the Hujaree, Kedywaree, Kookwaree, Kabeer, and Mull to the Seta; and the Seta and Kokee are entrances to the Phiyaree and Fulahee branches and complete the number. Besides there are many small mouths, but as it would only tend to confuse, I shall not name them. At present the Kookwaree, which gives egress to the waters of the Munnegha River, is the grand embouchure of the Indus; in the late Maps it is called the Goa, but erroneously so, for that mouth was deserted by the stream some years ago, and its site is now occupied by an extensive swamp."

Of all these mouths it appears that:—
"Besides the Munnegha or main river there is only one branch, the Hujaree, now available for the purpose of opening a communication with the upper part of the Indus; a trigonometrical survey of it has been completed and the former has been carefully examined from Hyderabad to its mouth."

The following is a summary of the chief impediments to the navigation of the mouth of the Indus:—

"The navigation of the Indus in the lower part is extremely intricate, but, with proper precautions, unattended with danger, or any great risk to property: unaided by steam it will always be tedious, but even with that power the time required for ascending it will not be shortened so much as is anticipated: from the foul state of the river and the strength of the current in many parts, it is evident that frequent delays will occur. The fair channel is not always to be detected, and when found not easy to follow: in some places it is extremely narrow and shifts its position with extraordinary rapidity: none of the boatsmen possess a sufficient knowledge of its direction to act as Pilots, and in dropping down the river in the dry season are obliged to have a small boat sounding ahead; even with this precaution they often run aground where a few months before there had been abundance of water and much difficulty is at times experienced in getting again into the deep channel. Steamers built for the navigation of the Indus ought to be constructed with perfectly flat bottoms, and if employed as tugs, to possess a speed of at least 9 knots their draught should be as small as possible and in my opinion ought not to exceed 4 feet at the utmost. Vessels drawing 6 or 7 feet could enter the main river by the Kookwaree mouth, and might no doubt ascend it to Hyderabad, but where the channels are so changeable, intricate and narrow, the risk would be great and their progress extremely slow."

"On the banks of the river fuel is scarce, and except in the Shikargahs or game preserves, there is no large wood: in those spots it is abundant, and if permission could be obtained to take away only the dead trees, no scarcity is likely to be experienced, in the event of Steamers being introduced, for some years. In the Delta the Innermost is the only resource: it seldom attains to a great height or thickness, and as a single bush affords but few billets, it requires considerable time to cut down a cargo. During the late trip of the Indus Steamer, the wood of the Babool (Simosa Arabica) was found to answer admirably for fuel, and that of the Fere or Mangrove was equally good: the latter however is scarce, the tree being only found near the sea. At present if proper arrangements were made, a sufficient supply of fuel could always be commanded to keep two small Steamers constantly plying."

We received yesterday, by the *Rob Roy*, Canton papers to the 11th of March and Singapore journals to the 25th of the same month.

From the state of affairs in China at the date of our last advices, we were in anticipation of receiving intelligence of importance from that country; but we have been disappointed, as the papers we have received are principally filled with European extracts long since published here, and furnish us with nothing in addition to what we were previously in possession of, with the exception of the information that the viceroy had issued another edict, prohibiting vessels from anchoring at Cansung-moon, and directing the Chinese naval commanders to fortify the different stations with artillery, and fire upon the foreigners who, being cognizant of the prohibition, should still continuously persist in anchoring in the interdicted harbour. We suspect that the "outside barbarians" are now too well accustomed to the fulminations of His Highness to pay much regard to them, and that therefore, the last issued edict will be treated with the same degree of respect that its predecessors experienced. The hopes entertained of the opium trade being ultimately legalized, seem now to be almost entirely abandoned. The report of an edict having been issued by the Emperor, for the legalization of the trade for one year, which was brought here by the *Antonia Pereira*, on the eve of the last opium sale, proves to be entirely false. Two more Hong merchants had been imprisoned, on a supposition of having been concerned in the smuggling of Sycee silver, to prevent the issue of which from the country, the Chinese authorities had become more than usually vigilant. The quotation of opium was Patna per chest, old Sp. drs. 840 a 550; new 780 a 790. Benares old 750; new 710 a 720. Malwa old 650; new 650. Turkey 580.

The Singapore papers have afforded us several extracts. The pirates, we perceive, had not been deterred from the prosecution of their evil courses. A native of the island of Scauton, deposed at the Police office of Singapore, that the crews of fourteen Illanoon pirate boats, had recently made a descent upon the district of Batu Etam, where he and his family resided, and after capturing them and committing some depredations at Palo Jamaja, had proceeded to Pulo Tinghy and captured several other persons. The informant escaped from the marauders, after being about two months a prisoner. The *Wolf* had been actively engaged in the search after the corsairs in the Straits, and had captured and sent twenty-two trading vessels to Singapore, on account of their being found at sea without passes. This vigilance on the part of His Majesty's ships, and the arrival of the steamer *Diana* at Singapore, cannot fail greatly to intimidate the pirates from the pursuit of their career of crime; but the *Siagapore Free Press* states, that piracy in the Straits seems likely to be brought to a close by other means, as the Tum-mongong lately waited on the local authorities at Singapore, and intimated, that the remnant of the piratical community at Gallang, being fully persuaded that the English were determined to terminate their predatory pursuits, were desirous of establishing themselves under the British protection at Singapore, and there pursue an honest livelihood for the remainder of their lives. The decision of the local authorities respecting these men, had not transpired.

The notorious Achinese piratical state-bark *Buggiana*, which had recently been committing serious aggressions against the British flag, under the directions of the Rajah Vooda of Achene, has, we learn, been captured by the Dutch men-of-war, which had been sent to Achene to demand the restitution of the guarda costa schooner *Dolphin*, and the surrender of her crew (by whom she had been cut off from Padang roads, with treasure on board, and taken into Achene,) and taken away, in retaliation of the conduct of the Rajah in harbouring the crew of the *Dolphin* and refusing to restore the vessel. The gunner of the *Buggiana* was dismissed by the Dutch, and having made his way to Penang, related the circumstance of the capture of the craft.—April 19.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkaru.

SIR,—Now that we are revelling in Europe news to the 3d of February in Calcutta prints of the 12th April!!! it does seem that the cause of Steam Communication may be successfully pleaded against the most bigoted. Few unfortunates have been more severely treated than this sterile Steam Communication: there has been something amiss in all our Bengal efforts, and first and foremost, is the preposterous continuance in the office of Secretary of our Fund of Mr. Greenlaw, a man pledged and prejudiced as the advocate of an exclusive system. I dare say the nineteen and a half worthies who form the "public" at Steam Meetings, will swarm forth indignant at this plain truth; but true it is (and pity 'tis 'tis true) that the scheme of none but Greenlaw and Co. can have fair play while Greenlaw and Co. are at the head of affairs. In the name of common decency let some impartial man, a "nullius in verba" fellow preside, and then common sense and prejudice may argue the matter yard-arm and yard-arm.

Washington Irving, tells a story of an honest Dutch citizen of New York, who quietly cultivated his cabbage in the midst of the township, and awoke at the end of twenty years, and found his cabbage garden the heart of a mighty city: methinks our well-meaning Secretary is somewhat in the same predicament, here he is, very probably, at this moment a reply to. Major Head's prospectus, which has come out by this very Bombay route, finding fault with it in every possible (and impossible) manner and yet, if he will allow me to awake him, presto fly I be in the very midst of the success of the plan, that his pen is dribbling to impracticability.

Poor Steam Communication! G. glowed at it, S. scribbled at it, Calcutta carped at it, Madras made mouths at it, but BOMBAY BORED IT.

Is it possible now, seriously, that any unprejudiced man can doubt of the propriety of voting for Bombay till some thing better can be had. Is not half a loaf better than no bread? and if ye want proofs, ye who are facetiously called ditchers, look at the Calcutta papers of April 12, 1837—ask at the post office for *Hugh Lindsay* packets.

"Go seek ye where the surges sweep
Their burthen round the Persian steep
And east on Beirut's" camels.

Men of Calcutta, western, and southern, and northern India is against you. Common sense and the Facts of April 12, 1837, are against you. London Commercial houses subscribing their thousands of rupees to your 'Houses' hundreds are against you. Nine-tenths of the baffled subscribers to your boasted, frittered away, Forbes-ed and devilled Steam fund are against you: nay ye are divided against yourselves. The more victory like that over Sir J. Grant's motion, and like Pyrrhus (the only point in which Mr. Greenlaw resembles him) the Secretary is undone, Harry Johnstone, of the *Enterprise* hadst thou but been connected with BOMBAY as thou wast with Calcutta, long ago would the thing have been done: yes, he who shewed the way would have been followed where no petty rivals interfered, and the gallant R. N., the Controller of a river navigation, would have been Commodore Superintendent of an organized Steam packetery.

I have heard men say, that without Mr. Greenlaw, nothing would have been done: with him nothing is done. I respect any as a zealous advocate of one system, but I shall respect him still more when I find him, on conviction, the convert to another.

But if argument be thrown away, let me conclude by assuring him that a proposal will be made at the next steam meeting, that all that is left of our subscriptions be vested in shares in Major Head's scheme and so good even to your good Master Secretary.

April 19.

UTILIS

CALCUTTA COURIER.—APRIL, 19.

Both the Chambers of Commerce at Madras and Bombay have petitioned the Supreme Government to alter the destination of the *Hugh Lindsay* to the Red Sea. We have therefore no doubt the alteration that has been ordered conditionally in compliance with the solicitation of the Calcutta Chamber, will take place; for if there were any physical impossibility, such as the want of fuel depots, the merchants at Bombay must have been informed of it, and of course they would not have made a request which they knew could not be granted.

The *Bombay Courier* contains a copy of a petition, now receiving the signatures of the Merchants and Inhabitants of Bombay, for the abolition of the Transit and Town Duties in that Presidency. They very naturally complain of the delay, and claim the benefit of the principle laid down by the Governor General in Council last year, in legislating for Bengal, and "the immediate and total abolition of all transit and town duties throughout the Bombay territories, substituting such other duties as may be judged least oppressive to its growing commerce, and estimated not to exceed at the utmost one-half of the direct revenue now derived from the transit and town duties of this (the Bombay) presidency, which they understand amount to 17½ lakhs of rupees."

We incline to think the petition over estimates the amount to be made up, in stating it to be a moiety of 17½ lakhs; for this sum is nearly a lakh in excess of the gross average amount (less drawbacks) of the produce of both those branches of revenue during 19 years ending on the 30th April 1835, and about 3½ lakhs more than the net amount collected annually upon an average during the same period, according to the statements in the report of the Customs Committee. But if in the short period of two years there has been so considerable an increase (instead of a progressive defalcation, as was the case for some years in Bengal) it must be regarded as a sign of increasing traffic and internal prosperity, and as a reason for relying with the more confidence upon the expansion of the other branches of revenue, when so great a hindrance to the rapid and profitable interchange of commodities all over the country shall have been removed.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

MORNING POST.—DECEMBER 10.

Amongst the numerous fictions in which our German romancers have represented the ambitious intellect of humanity as holding perilous and sinful communication with the infernal Power of Darkness, there is one in which the venturesome enthusiast is placed in a position which strongly reminds us of the embarrassment with which his Majesty's Ministers are at this moment struggling.

"All I have is yours," says the fiend to Dr. Martinus; "my riches are at your disposal, my servants are at your command; there shall be no period to the continuance, no limit to the extent of your happiness. There is but a single condition in the bond. The hour that shall see you the doer of one good deed, the same hour shall deprive you of all. I bestow, and change your slave into your tormentor."

Not unlike this compact is the league which Mr. O'Connell has vouchsafed to the Melbourne Government. He promises them a perennial enjoyment of the pleasures and the profits of Downing-street. He places at their orders his indefatigable labour and his extensive influence. He subjects to their bidding the quick wit and profound wisdom of his Ruthvens and his Grattans. He makes them invulnerable to all the weapons of argument and reason. He is ever at their side to counsel, to encourage, to support. He sings the loudest praises to their praise, and professes the firmest confidence in their Administration. There is but a single condition in the bond. If ever his victims shall make one step in the path that would conduct them back to honour and to virtue, from that moment the boon he accords is withdrawn, the flattery is turned into abuse, and the ally into the enemy.

The Ministers know that their tenure of office hangs, and must continue to hang, upon their connexion with this man. They know as well the conditions upon which he professes a continuance of that connexion. He proclaims, distinctly and deliberately, that the object of his daily agitation is, first, the total abolition of tithes; secondly, corporation reform; thirdly, the extension of the suffrage; fourthly, the ballot; fifthly, the shortening of Parliaments; and, lastly, the rescinding the qualification clause in the Reform Act. There is the outline of the duties which Mr. O'Connell, who places implicit confidence in the Administration, intends that the Administration should perform. He does not, indeed, exact the performance of them all by one comprehensive Bill, nor the accomplishment of them all in one brief session, but he assists the Administration only so long as their policy shall seem in his eyes to tend to the consummation he anticipates; that consummation being, in the language alike of those who would accelerate and of those who would avert it, a revolution. When Mr. O'Connell shall see Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne steadily opposing a single measure which shall appear to him likely to prevent the destruction of the Church, and the abolition of the Constitution, the talisman by which they hold him is broken—he comes at their summons no more.

If there is any sentiment of loyalty, any aspiration of piety, any love of truth yet lingering in the breasts of the unhappy men whom he has thus ensnared, we can conceive that the picture which the novelist draws of the agonies of his hero, his miserable regrets for lost innocence and ruined peace, his vain longings for one self-approving thought, one blameless resolution, may present no unfair portrait of the state of mind with which these Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen must occasionally contemplate their former eminence, their present degradation, their future punishment. We wish we could dream that the last pages of the legend might fitly record the last act of the Melbourne Government. The magician is tired at last of his sins and his privileges. He resolves to enjoy the luxury of virtue at any price. He makes public confession and recantation in the Cathedral of Strasburg, and dies in the act. As usual in such cases there is a suit between the spirits of light and the spirits of darkness for the possession of the parted soul; but it is held that the self-sacrifice which could renounce the contract is an atonement for the impiety which could form it. And so the Doctor escapes with a forgiveness, which we should be glad, on similar terms, to accord to his Majesty's Ministers.

DECEMBER 12.

Assuredly this is not an age of enthusiasm; poetry gives place to statistics—our raptures are about railroads, our sublimities have reference to the power of steam. Our greatness is reduced to details. Our Nelsons are not sweeping the seas of hostile fleets, and bidding our "meteor flag" fly triumphant athwart the world. Our Wellingtons are no longer driving our enemies before them at the point of the bayonet, and by unparalleled exertions of skill and energy defeating in battle after battle the picked Generals of the greatest military Power of Continental Europe—the oratory of Pitt, of Wyndham, of Grattan, of Fox, of Erskine, of Canning, has passed away, and is not now equalled by the poetry of Byron no longer surprises, delights, and mystifies the world; Coleridge no more scatters wisdom and poetry from his fluent lips; the *Noctes Ambrosianae* have ceased to be; Weber is dead, and Lawrence paints no more—but what then? Aye, "what then?" ex-

utilitarian, "is it not possible in at least 1,000 London to buy for the sum of sixpence a thousand of cotton thread which steam-engines have spun, and which have rolled so tightly and so smoothly as these pretty little reels? Perish naval and military poetry—perish oratory, that stirs the souls of men, and addresses the reason through the imagination—perish poetry, that makes the heart beat with high emotion, or melt in gentle tenderness—perish the force and the brilliancy of wit, the power and the grace of art; but live, thou, Peter McCulloch and statistic—live Stephenson and railroads—live steam-engines multiplied, and let us rejoice with exceeding joy that we have a thousand yards of cotton thread for sixpence, and three pretty little reels into the bargain!"

In nothing more than in politics and the characters of political men and measures do we perceive the change to which we have been justly adverted. The time has been, and is not long passed, when the mention of the British Constitution was enough to call up in the mind of a British subject proud recollections of the glory which belonged to it. All the illustrious moderns of our own country had devoted the happiest efforts of their eloquence to its praise, and every illustrious foreigner who adverted to it did so with eulogy. But in these days our "microscopic eyes" have been busy in peering out its defects, and we have amended the system of representation of interest which so long existed in the House of Commons by ordaining that the towns shall have a preponderance in the representation, and that the persons to wield this preponderant power shall be those who occupy any house, warehouse, counting-house, shop, or other building, of "the clear yearly value of ten pounds!" This is the height and the depth—this is the elevation and the philosophy—of the shining British statesmen of our time! Burke, whose sagacity soared, upon the wings of a fine imagination, into the loftiest region of mental excellence, saw indeed nothing like this. Pitt, though a Reformer, never dreamed of it. Fox, with all his ardour, caught no glimpse of this great improvement; but what were they? Lord John Russell is a very different person from any of the three—for him was reserved the task of proposing this wondrous improvement to the nation.

MORNING HERALD, FEBRUARY 2.

The result of the Renfrewshire election presents an example to almost most seasons and most gratifying of the progress of sober reflection and sound judgment among the people. "Reaction" is not the proper term by which to designate the change in popular opinion which produces such results. It is not a reaction from one extreme to another extreme; it is a conviction arising from experience, and a calm examination of circumstances. It is not a victory feeling either on one side or the other, but is a much better thing—namely, a triumph of reasonableness. It is not the action of party spirit, but the negation of party spirit, and the consequent operation of calm unbiassed common sense.

It is very truly stated that Mr. Houstoun, the conservative candidate, who has now been successful, not only did not succeed, but had no chance of success even two years ago. One reason of this certainly was that his opponent was not a wild radical. Sir M. S. Stewart was not enslaved by prejudice, nor chained to the O'Connell chariot by a headlong credulity, amounting almost to political insanity. But independently of the greater moderation of the ministerial candidate this time two years there did then exist among the reformers of the west of Scotland, an impression that the conservatives were a party opposed to all improvement in the institutions of the country. That was the erroneous opinion which turned the popular tide against the conservative candidate—that was the untruth so industriously diffused over the whole of the three kingdoms by an intemperate and slavish ministerial press—that was the calumny which took so long to disperse, but which now, notwithstanding the continued efforts of ministerialists, has been in a great degree dispersed. In the west of Scotland the coup de grace—the finishing blow—has been given to this calumny by the speech of Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow. They who have heard that speech, and they who have read its statements, which bear upon them the stamp of frankness and of truth, can no longer believe that the party of which he is the leader is hostile to improvement.

If the electors of Renfrewshire had believed in January, 1837, as they did believe in January, 1835, that the only chance of a ministry acting firmly and in good faith upon the new state of things established by the Reform Bill, lay in the maintenance of the power of the whigs, then Mr. Houstoun would not have succeeded; but the electors of Renfrewshire have, since January, 1835, looked into this matter, and they find that the opinion they then held was not a correct one. They have, therefore, elected Mr. Houstoun in the spirit of the admirable motto upon his election banner—"improve and uphold." This is a principle which the common sense of mankind must acknowledge to be in political affairs at once rational, safe, and liberal. It is the only principle which ensures safety to rights and property, at the same time that it provides for the amelioration of public institutions, and their cautious adaptation to new interests, and new circumstances of every kind, which are evolved in the progress of time.

It is absurdly, and rather ungratefully pretended by some ministerial authorities, that the success of the conservative candidate in Renfrewshire, is wholly to be attributed to the ultra-radicalism of his opponent. "The address of Sir J. Maxwell was," they say, "ultra-radical and the greater proportion of his supporters may be looked upon as belonging to that party, while many of those who would have voted for a liberal, professing less extreme opinions, could not be induced to give their support to Sir John." Behold the lunacy of this ministerial excuse! As the constituency was nearly filled out, these liberals must not only have resisted all inducement to vote for Sir John, but they must have gone over and voted for Mr. Houstoun, the conservative. This was a strange way of showing that they would have voted for a more radical radical that is to say—a ministerialist, if such a one had offered himself.

But how paltry a thing it is to endeavour to throw the blame on radicalism when ministers are defeated, and yet to depend upon it altogether whenever ministerial success is obtained. If ultra-radicalism is to be repudiated in Renfrewshire, why not repudiate it in Drury-lane? Why not reject it in the House of Commons? Sir John Maxwell propounded nothing more ultra-radical in his address than Mr. O'Connell propounds every day of his life. How happens it that ministerialists sneer at Sir John, while they stoop down and lick the feet of Mr. O'Connell? If Sir John Maxwell could keep them in place as Mr. O'Connell does, we may be very certain that no fault would be found with his ultra-radicalism.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.—Feb. 1st.

(Before Mr. Justice WILLIAMS and Mr. Justice COLLIERIDGE.)

Charles Wadham Wyndham Pennardock, aged 22, described as a surgeon, was capitally indicted for feloniously wounding Thomas Hardy, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

Mr. ADOLPHUS (with whom was Mr. JERNINGHAM) stated the case for the prosecution.

In detailing the facts of the case, as proved in evidence, the learned counsel stated that he felt bound to say that the young gentleman, the prisoner at the bar, was of a highly respectable family, and belonged to a most honourable profession. The prosecutor was Dr. Thomas Hardy, one of the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall. On the day the prisoner

committed the offence charged he was a candidate for a medical certificate necessary to qualify him at Apothecaries' Hall. It appeared to the examiners that the young gentleman was well acquainted with surgery, which he had studied with credit to himself; but the examiners were of opinion that he was deficient in his knowledge of pharmacy, and the certificate he applied for was refused. The prisoner then, in a passionate state of excitement inflicted a blow with an instrument, strangely called a "life preserver," and which would be produced to the jury—a blow that endangered the life of Mr. Hardy.

Dr. Thomas Hardy examined—I am a surgeon retired from practice, and reside at Walworth. I am one of the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall. I was there on the day in question and saw the prisoner, who was one of the candidates for a certificate. I observed something very peculiar in his manner; he appeared to be labouring under much excitement. He hastily took up pieces of sarsaparilla, which he bit and then threw down. I was in the room when the certificate sought for by the prisoner was disallowed. I saw the prisoner strike at Dr. Merriman, but I saw no weapon in his hand. I saw an instrument afterwards which I was told had been taken from the prisoner. During the time I was near the prisoner he looked hard at me, and said, "You are one of those who were hard upon me." Immediately after that I received a violent blow on the head, but I am unable to state whether the blow was struck with an instrument or not. I became faint and partly unconscious in consequence of loss of blood.

By Mr. PHILLIPS, for the prisoner—There appeared to be a great degree of excitement about the prisoner. He spoke deridingly of the examiners. He said that he would not be degraded by them in the eyes of his family. He would die, or would swing first.

Mr. PHILLIPS being about to question the witness as to the capabilities of certain of the examiners.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said they were not met to judge of the competency of the examiners.

The witness stated to the court there were seven examiners altogether, who sat at different tables, and when doubts arose as to the fitness of a candidate, the whole seven met together in order to decide upon the competency of the party by a majority of them. This was the uniform practice.

Mr. Randell, surgeon, confirmed the greater part of the above testimony, and proceeded to state that while the prisoner was under the examination of Dr. Este, he was asked the use of *trubate* (a species of pepper). The prisoner said, "I know it (the drug) very well." A person is not fit for an apothecary who did not know the use of it. He did not seem to know the purpose for which it should be applied. Dr. Este said, "Don't you know that it's used for a mucous discharge?" The prisoner replied "Oh yes." Knowing he had been at St. George's Hospital, the doctor asked him if he had not seen it used there? He again said "Oh yes." He was again asked as to its use, but he made no reply. He not answering, I said to the prisoner, "Dr. Este means in what form and in what proportion is it to be used?" The prisoner turned round to me and said, "How the devil can I answer questions if you are all badgering me in this kind of way?" My conduct to him at the time was mild and friendly, and not tending to irritate. After other questions were put the prisoner attempted to excuse himself by saying, "I never could answer questions, not even at school, although I knew as well as any other boy." He was told that the answer was required in order to show that his knowledge qualified him for the practice. The examiners never wish to hurt the feelings of any candidate, but they have a very important public duty to perform and he told the prisoner so. The prisoner replied hastily, "Sir you have belittled very gentlemanly, and so has that Gentleman (pointing to Dr. Este). The prisoner then said, "Pray examine me in anatomy; I understand that, for I have lived in 'a dead house' (meaning that he had attended lectures upon surgical operations.) The court of examiners is competent to examine in the science of anatomy, but it is the usual custom first to examine as to *materia medica*. Mr. Riddulph refused to examine the prisoner in anatomy, observing at the time that that branch of inquiry came more properly under the cognisance of the College of Surgeons. He (Mr. R.) said if the first anatomist in the world was ignorant of *materia medica* demonstration & pharmacy he would not be a fit person to receive a certificate of practice. It was then suggested that a few simple questions should be put to the prisoner, which not being promptly answered, Dr. Este, the chief examiner, observed that he could not consistently with his duty consent to grant the required certificate. The prisoner then said to the examiners (being excited at the time)—"Your certificate is of no advantage to me in a pecuniary point of view, as I am going abroad and have good resources; but do you think I am going to be disgraced in the eyes of my family by such a set as you are? No, I'll be damned if I will, I'd die first I'd swing first!" The prisoner then arose from his chair, and he raised his right arm above his head, and aimed a blow at Dr. Hardy. I did not see anything in his hand, but afterwards I saw an instrument, which is called a life preserver, which was said in the prisoner's hearing to have been taken from him.

The witness was cross examined at considerable length; but nothing was elicited to shake his examination in chief.

Mr. Evans—I am an apothecary, and live in Pall-mall, and one of the examiners at Apothecaries' Hall. I was on duty there on the day named in the indictment. I heard the questions put by Dr. Este and others to the prisoner, who did not answer them. He (witness) said that he never saw a person who presented himself for examination conduct himself in the manner the prisoner did—the even doctored the competency of the court to judge of the qualification of the candidates.

Mr. Bacot, a surgeon, stated that he was present when Dr. Hardy was struck. The blow appeared to have been struck with a blunt instrument. That now produced would inflict such a contusion. Has understood it to be called a life preserver.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said he had seen such instruments exposed for sale in shop-windows; hence he feared they were very common.

The witness continued—There was a good deal of blood flowed from the wound, and Dr. Hardy was attended daily by him for about a fortnight. The wound was not in its nature dangerous in the first instance, but serious consequences might have arisen, and loss of life had inflammation ensued.

By Mr. PHILLIPS—Medical students were in the habit of being out at all hours of the night, and might require an instrument for self-defence.

Mr. PHILLIPS replied at great length in an energetic speech, in the course of which Mr. Adolphus made some remark, which caused the learned counsel to state that if the course of his defence of a person charged with an offence affecting his life he should be again interrupted, he would fulfil a part of his duty, and that would be to sit down, and leave the case to the court and jury. The learned counsel argued against the possibility of the weapon which he then held in his hand—used by a powerful young man—having caused the wound. A child of 12 years of age would have caused, with such an instrument, a greater injury. But with a powerful arm, bones must have been fractured by a blow from such an instrument. Mr. Phillips contended that the blow was inflicted with the naked fist, used in a moment of passion.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS—Perhaps you had better have the surgeon recalled.

Mr. PHILLIPS—Then, my lord, I wish he may be called now.

Mr. Bacot, recalled, gave the same description of the wound as he had in his testimony in chief, stating his opinion to be that it could not have been produced by the

knuckles of a man. It had more the appearance of a wound inflicted by a spent ball. Witness had seen hundreds of gun shot wounds.

Mr. PHILLIPS resumed—He was not sorry Mr. Bacot had been recalled; for it proved that he was not fully aware how the wound had been inflicted. He said it was like a gun-shot wound. Why, had not the jury, in street broils and fights, seen wounds exactly similar to the one described? In making the observation, he did not wish to disparage the professional reputation of Mr. Bacot, who was eminent for his long experience. The learned counsel appealed to the feelings of the jury to rest re the young gentleman at the bar to the highly respectable family to which he belonged, and to acquit him of the grave charge made against him, and which he and his family so severely suffered under. That the prisoner had been guilty of a most imprudent and desperate assault, he (Mr. P.) would not deny or palliate, but he called upon the jury for an acquittal on the indictment before them. If their verdict should be favourable, yet would the unfortunate young man be removed back to his dungeon to await another indictment, which, no doubt would be preferred against him. The learned counsel concluded by observing, that there was no proof of malice as to the prisoner having the life preserver in his possession; it was necessary even in the well guarded metropolis for medical students who were out late at night, attending lectures, to have defensive weapons for their protection.

Mr. BODRIS called Dr. Seymour and several gentlemen in the medical and surgical profession, who gave the prisoner an excellent character for humanity and general good conduct.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS summed up at length, with much perspicuity, stating the law, recapitulating the evidence, and commenting thereon.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and on their return pronounced a verdict of *not guilty*.

The Court was moved to detain the prisoner to give time for an indictment of assault to be preferred against him.

The JUDGES assented, and ordered the prisoner to enter into his own recognisance of 200*l.*, and two sureties in 100*l.* each.—*Morning Herald Feb. 2.*

FEBRUARY, 2.

RIGHT OF REPLY UNDER THE PRISONERS' COUNSEL BILL.

Mr. PHILLIPS (who was left to his option of reply in the last case), addressed their lordships. He stated that he did so most respectfully in consequence of a rumour which has been promulgated to him and others, and which had astonished him, that counsel for the prosecution had the right to reply if witnesses to character of the prisoner were called, as had been done in the case then before their lordships. He had no wish to press that right, nor did he mean to exercise it until he heard their lordships' opinion. In the Court of King's Bench, in trials for misdemeanour, in which witnesses to character only were called, and not examined as to facts, the counsel did not reply. He hoped he might be excused in bringing the matter forward, for it was the first case in which he had been concerned, to be called upon to reply, witnesses to character only having been called.

Mr. Justice PATTERSON said he was astonished the question should have been discussed or mooted. The practice, as far as his knowledge went, was, that there was a right of reply; but there had been a uniform practice that when witnesses were called to character, and for no other purpose the right should not be exercised. "If, however," said his lordship, "I am driven to give my opinion, it is that counsel for the prosecution, where witnesses are called for the defence, have a right of reply." The learned judge alluded to the inconvenience that might ensue, and that ultimately it might be necessary to apply for a legislative enactment on the subject. Witnesses to character formed a part of the defence of the prisoner, and the new bill gave the right of reply to the prosecuting counsel.

Mr. PHILLIPS repeated his argument, observing that in cases of misdemeanour the attorney general did not exercise his right of reply when witnesses to character only were called.

Mr. Justice WILLIAMS said he agreed with his learned brother Patterson. There could be no doubt evidence to character was part of a defence; but he would not recommend the right of reply to be followed in cases of witnesses to character only.

Mr. PHILLIPS remarked that he was placed in a difficulty, after what their lordships had stated, he being counsel for the prosecution. He would just point out a case that might happen; witnesses to character were to be called—all knew the importance of such testimony—on a doubtful charge; but would he or any other advocate call them, if they knew that the opposing counsel would reply, using his ingenuity and talent to do away the good character adduced. In that point of view the prisoner would be deprived of the benefit given to him before the new act of parliament, or Prisoners' Counsel Bill, had been passed.

The judges having in effect repeated their opinions,

Mr. PHILLIPS, although having "the right," declined exercising it, and sat down.

The subject excites great interest at the bar.—*Herald, February, 3.*

BALLOON.

Mr. Green and his balloon have at last accomplished their object—passed the seas, swept over the cities, topped the mountains, and, alighting beyond the Rhine, astonished the whole Hun and Slavonian population before they had taken the night from their heads or put their pipes in their mouths. This is the triumph of aerostation. So far as yet appears, Mr. Green might have gone to Constantinople, Cism Tartary, or China without stopping, if his fowls, cheese, and cigars would have held out. He might have crossed the Pacific, made the circumnavigation of the globe, and dropping in Vauxhall Gardens, might have indulged the amateur's with a bird's-eye-sketch of every sovereign of the earth at his favourite pastime for the week.

It is impossible to regard this voyage, even curtailed as it has been, but as a very remarkable exploit. Yet its first fruits to Mr. Green's countrymen were great fears that he and his balloon had gone to "that bourne from which no traveller returns." In the multitude of reports which floated even with more rapidity than the balloon itself, it was said that the intention of the voyagers was merely to show the possibility of crossing to Calais. In that case, we should have heard of them within a few hours. Their diligence, too, in dropping letters and pamphlets to tell us of the proceedings every couple of hours, gave the idea that they were anxious to communicate the most immediate intelligence. But when twenty-four hours passed when we had begun to reckon, not by hours, but by days when a week had nearly passed, the public curiosity was changed into alarm. The late hour at which the balloon ascended, plunging it into night before it could cross the sea—the uncertainty of its direction afterwards through the night—the confusion produced by the various reports of its arrival—and, above all, the violent wind from the south-west, which, within twenty-four hours of their departure, swept the whole Channel, producing many a wreck and which, if it had caught the balloon, would inevitably have shot it up the Northern Ocean, or torn it into fragments at once, produced an extreme fear that the aeronauts had either been flung into the sea, or, what would be a still more melancholy fate, were whirling along over the waste of waters, hopeless of return, and feeling themselves doomed to die of famine, cold and despair. No condition could be conceived more unhappy than that of being whirled along over an almost boundless ocean,

seeing day after day, nothing below them but the waves, in which they must be buried at last, and reproaching each other with the rashness of their attempt, until they died, feeding on their own flesh, half frozen, raving with thirst, mad, and miserable.

We never remember to have observed more real anxiety among the public than on this occasion. But luckily, those formidable speculations were thrown away, and while all England was conjecturing, the intelligence arrived that Mr. Green and his companions were feasting in the midst of all the good things of the Rhineland, promenading in a German paradise, hanging up their balloon under the gilded roof of a German palace, and equally amazing and delighting the German politicians five hundred miles off, by showing them the "London papers of yesterday."

The facts of the case are, that a balloon can be constructed sufficient to carry from ten to twenty persons at the rate of the wind itself, for whatever time they may lay in provisions. In this instance, which is to be considered merely as a first experiment, three persons were carried nearly 500 miles within 17 hours, with perfect ease, and might probably have gone on, with the same ease, until they had devoured the last of their "dozen fowls," and been forced to descend merely to recruit their stock; and if they had gone on at the same rate, they might have dined in the sunset clouds a mile over the golden steeple of the giant Cathedral of Vienna, or taken their supper and showered their fireworks, like a descending constellation, over the gardens of the Seraglio.

We understand that Mr. Green doubts of the future possibility of steering the balloon. That it is beyond our power at present, is admitted. But what steers a bird? What enables that bounding voyager, a crow, to steer perfectly at his will from field to forest, and make turns among the branches, that would raise the envy of the Jockey Club? What steers and carries the wild swan, as heavy as an infant, a thousand miles ahead through the tempest and against the tempest? The united action of the wings and the tail. The buoyancy of the balloon would render the wings unnecessary, except for addition to the steering power. The true and only difficulty to be mastered is, that of enabling the balloon to go faster or slower than the wind; for it is only in such cases that the rudder can have any thing to act upon. The steering of a bird and of a fish exhibit the power of direction in a surrounding element. The means are complete in both, but varied, from the circumstances of the animal. The bird derives its buoyancy from the wing; the tail, whose chief or only purpose is steering, scarcely aiding that buoyancy, and being scarcely moveable but in the lateral direction required for the steering. The fish is generally buoyant by its nature. The tail supplies at once its progress and direction, and it is therefore a powerful and peculiarly active instrument. Either would answer the purpose of the balloon, but its buoyancy brings it nearer to the fish than the bird. Its requisite would be a rudder of such length and force as at once to accelerate (or retard) and guide. This rudder might be along frame, with a wheel or vane kept in rapid motion at its end. For this some modification of the steam-engine would be required; but we have overcome so many of the difficulties of the steam engine, that we are not entitled to doubt much of ultimate success even here. Still, as we observed in some former mention of this subject, we may doubt strongly of the value of the boon if it were general, and have strong fears of the perils of an invention which would make fortifications and natural boundaries useless as means of protection; lay nations almost wholly at each other's mercy; or even at the mercy of malignant individuals; render war a scene of terrible and unavoidable surprises; and deprive peace of all security, not merely from the sudden attacks of neighbour nations, but from the most remote and savage. Still it is to be remembered, that for every dangerous invention there has hitherto been found a counterpoise; and that the more dangerous the invention, the more forcible, active, and comprehensive, and therefore the more capable of being turned to good it is. The first contemplations of the devastating strength of gunpowder must have been full of terror; it was pronounced a curse; the musketeer was always refused quarter; and the inventor, monk though he was, was regarded as little less than an especial instrument of Satan. Yet gunpowder has since been one of the great civilizers of the earth; one of the great protectors of mankind from savage hostilities; and even the great restrainer of massacre in the field. More men perished in one day, in many an ancient battle, than now fall in a campaign.

But even in its present condition the balloon may be of service, though scarcely in our country. We are too near the sea, and too liable to sudden shifts of wind. In England, except in the very centre of the country, wherever the balloon ascends it has water within its horizon: half an hour's shift of the gale from the south would have carried Mr. Green inevitably into the North Sea. It is in the spaces of the great continents where this danger is not to be dreaded, and where the wind blows for days or weeks together from the same point, that the balloon might even now be of admirable service. Thus, in India, in case of a Russian invasion, a balloon from the frontier, or from the Himalach, might convey the intelligence to Calcutta with the most important celerity. Thus, in case of an European war, a balloon from Alexandria might carry the dispatches across Arabia, to Bombay with a speed which might not merely enable the Indian Government to be on its guard, but to strike the most instant and decisive blows. In passing the Tartar deserts, or in penetrating into Africa the balloon might make all the chief difficulties disappear, arising, as they do, from the sultriness, the sands, the scantiness of provision, the deficiency of transit, and the wars, treacheries, and extortions of the savage kings. In the mean time, we congratulate Mr. Green and his companions. If it be fame, as Horace says it is—"Voluit super ora hominum," he has amply secured his renown.—*Blackwood Mag. for Jan.*

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Edited by Boz No. IX. Chapman and Hall.

This is the best Pickwick we have had. The humour is broad rich, and effective as usual; and there are sharper and nicer touches of character.

The sketch of "George Nupkins, Esquire," the Magistrate of Ipswich, with all its accessories, is done to the life. This gentleman receives information of a duel, in which the amiable Mr. Pickwick is found to be involved:—

"It's a most extraordinary thing," said the astounded Magistrate "Muzzle."

"Yes, your worship."

"Send Mr. Jinks here, directly—instantly."

"Yes, your worship."

Muzzle retired; and a pale, sharp-nosed, half-fed, shabbily-clad clerk, of middle age, entered the room.

"Mr. Jinks," said the Magistrate—"Mr. Jinks."

"Sir," said Mr. Jinks.

"This lady, Mr. Jinks, has come here to give information of an intended duel in this town."

Mr. Jinks, not exactly knowing what to do, smiled a dependent's smile.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Jinks?" said the Magistrate.

Mr. Jinks looked serious instantly.

"Mr. Jinks," said the Magistrate, "you're a fool, Sir."

Mr. Jinks looked humbly at the great man, and bit the top of his pen.

"You may see something very comical in this information, Sir; but I can tell you this, Mr. Jinks, that you have very little to laugh at," said the Magistrate.

The hungry-looking Jinks sighed, as if he were quite aware of the fact of his having very little indeed to be

merry about; and, being ordered to take the lady's information, shambled to a seat, and proceeded to write it down.

Mr. Jinks is a likeness of exquisite reality; touching and even painful for its truth, while contributing most richly to the humour of the scene. Mr. Grummer, an elderly gentleman in top boots, who forms the Constabulary of Ipswich, is another most exact portrait;—he appears upon the scene at an interesting moment, having only just quelled a great rebellion of the scholars of the largest day-school in the town, who had conspired to break the windows of an obnoxious master.

The subsequent Muzzle scene, and especially returned, introducing the elderly gentleman in the top boots, who was chiefly remarkable for a hoarse voice, a hoarse voice, a snuff-coloured ruff, and a wandering eye.

"Grummer," said the Magistrate.

"Your wash-up."

"Is the town quiet now?"

"Pretty well, your wash-up," replied Grummer. "Pop-lar feeling has in a measure subsided, consensens o' the boys having dispersed to cricket."

"Nothing but vigorous measures will do, in these times," Grummer said. "The Magistrate, in a determined manner."

"If the authority of the King's officers be set at naught, we must have the riot act read. If the civil power cannot protect the civil power, and the windows too. I believe that is a maxim of the constitution, Mr. Jinks."

"Certainly, Sir," said Jinks.

"Very good," said the Magistrate, signing the warrant.

"Grummer, you will bring these persons before me at eleven o'clock. You will find them at the Great White Horse, to collect the case of the Middlesex Dumping, and the Suffolk Bantam, Grummer?"

Mr. Grummer intimated, by a retrospective shake of the head, that he should never forget it—as indeed it was not likely he would, so long as it continued to be cited daily.

"This is even more unconstitutional," said the Magistrate. "This is even a greater breach of the peace, and a grosser infringement of his Majesty's prerogative. I believe duelling is one of his Majesty's most undoubted prerogatives, Mr. Jinks."

"Expressly stipulated in Magna Charta, Sir," said Mr. Jinks.

"One of the brightest jewels in the British crown, wrung from his Majesty by the Political Union of Barons I believe, Mr. Jinks?" said the Magistrate.

"Just so, Sir," replied Mr. Jinks.

"Very well," said the Magistrate, drawing himself up proudly, "it shall not be violated in this portion of his dominions. Grummer, procure assistance, and execute these warrants with as little delay as possible. Muzzle."

"Yes, your worship."

"Show the lady out."

The case recalled to Grummer's recollection was that of the worthy Magistrate having once rushed into a prize ring, attended by only sixty special constables, and, at the hazard of falling a sacrifice to the angry passions of an infuriated multitude, prohibited a pugilistic contest between the Middlesex Dumping, and the Suffolk Bantam."

Grummer proceeded with his warrants to the hotel of the Pickwickians, and insinuates himself into their presence:—

Mr. Grummer's mode of proceeding was professional, but peculiar. His first act was to bolt the door on the inside; his second to polish his head and countenance very carefully with a cotton handkerchief; his third to place his hat, with the cotton handkerchief in it, on the nearest chair; and his fourth to produce from the breast-pocket of his coat, a short truncheon surmounted by a brazen crown, with which he beckoned to Mr. Pickwick with a grave and ghost-like air.

Mr. Snodgrass was the first to break the astonished silence. He looked steadily at Mr. Grummer for a brief space, and then said, emphatically—"This is a private room, Sir—a private room."

Mr. Grummer shook his head, and replied—"No room's private to his Majesty when the street door's once passed. That's law. Some people maintains that an Englishman's house is his castle. That's gammon."

A scene of great spirit and humour follows, which ends in Mr. Pickwick's obeying the laws of his country, and entering a sedan-chair with Mr. Tupman for the purpose of being carried before the Magistrate. Sam Weller attempts a rescue, but after sundry great achievements of personal prowess, is himself made prisoner, and brought with the other offenders into the presence of inflamed and outraged Justice in the person of Mr. Nupkins:—

"What's your name, fellow?" thundered Mr. Nupkins.

"Veller," replied Sam.

"A very good name for the Newgate Calendar," said Mr. Nupkins.

This was a joke: so Jinks, Grummer, Dubbley, all the specials, and Muzzle, went into fits of laughter of five minutes' duration.

"Put down his name, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate.

"Two L's old feller," said Sam.

Here an unfortunate special laughed again, whereupon the magistrate threatened to commit him instantly. It's a dangerous thing, laughing at the wrong man, in these cases.

"Where do you live?" said the magistrate.

"Vare-over I can," replied Sam.

"Put down that, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate, who was fast rising into a rage.

"Score it under," said Sam.

"He is a vagabond, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate.

"He is a vagabond on his own statement, is he not, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Then I'll commit him—I'll commit him, as such," said Mr. Nupkins.

"This is a very impartial country for justice," said Sam. "There ain't a magistrate going, as don't commit himself, twice as often as he commits other people."

At this sally another special laughed, and then tried to look so supernaturally solemn, that the magistrate detected him immediately.

An impossibly humorous passage ensues in which it appears certain that the last named unlucky special must have been committed, only that Mr. Jinks, who is the Magistrate's adviser (having had a legal education of three years in a country attorney's office,) whispers the Magistrate that he thinks it wouldn't do, and so Mr. Nupkins makes a speech and says that, in consideration of the special's family, he shall merely reprimand and discharge him. Poor Mr. Jinks afterwards saves the "tremendous" Mr. Nupkins from finally committing Mr. Pickwick without a hearing. That illustrious man is permitted to speak:—

"First," said Mr. Pickwick, sending a look through his spectacles, under which even Nupkins quailed. "First, I wish to know what I and my friend have been brought here for?"

"Must I tell him?" whispered the magistrate to Jinks.

"I think you had better, Sir," whispered Jinks to the magistrate.

"An information has been sworn before me," said the magistrate, "that it is apprehended you are going to fight a duel, and that the other man, Tupman, is your aider and abettor in it. Therefore—eh, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Therefore, I call upon you both, to—I think that's the course, Mr. Jinks?"

"To—to—what Mr Jinks?" said the magistrate, pettishly.

"To find bail, Sir."

"Yes. Therefore, I call upon you both—as I was about to say, when I was interrupted by my clerk—to find bail."

"Good bail," whispered Mr. Jinks.

"I shall require good bail," said the magistrate.

"Town's-people," whispered Jinks.

"They must be town's-people," said the magistrate.

"Fifty pounds each," whispered Jinks, "and householders, of course."

"I shall require two sureties of fifty pounds each," said the magistrate aloud, with great dignity, "and they must be householders, of course."

Great consternation follows, but the never-failing Sam whispers something to his master, and the latter demands a private interview with Nupkins:—

"The magistrate looked at Mr. Jinks, Mr. Jinks looked at the magistrate, and the officers looked at each other in amazement. Mr. Nupkins turned suddenly pale. Could the man Weller, in a moment of remorse, have divulged some secret conspiracy for his assassination? It was a dreadful thought. He was a public man; and he turned paler, as he thought of Julius Caesar and Mr. Perceval."

The magistrate looked at Mr. Pickwick again, and beckoned Mr. Jinks.

"What do you think of this request, Mr. Jinks," murmured Mr. Nupkins.

Mr. Jinks, who didn't exactly know what to think of it, and was afraid he might offend, smiled feebly, after a dubious fashion, and, screwing up the corners of his mouth, shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate, gravely, "you are an ass, Sir."

At this little expression of opinion, Mr. Jinks smiled again—rather more feebly than before—and edged himself, by degrees, back into his own corner.

A picture of the private life of Mr. Nupkins is subsequently given, in the same subtle apprehensiveness of character. There are no touches in a picture by Hogarth more true to nature than these extracts we have given.—*Examiner, December 4.*

MISCELLANEA.

A FEW WEEKS IN NEW YORK.

The fact is, the American Constitution is not the faultless monster it is cried up to be; and one defect, the only one, I shall at present touch upon, is the frequent elections of a supreme head. Allow all other imperfections to remain, but correct that one, and a national bank may be rendered as useful and as harmless as in England. I shall venture to suggest two plans of reform: the first is, to elect the President for life, like the ex-German Emperors; the second is, to elect him for a term of years, and to let him have no power to appoint or to remove, and consequently be personally above the squabbles of parties or corporations. Having no selfish feelings or interests to place in the scale, he may fearlessly and honestly weigh those of the nation. But should such an elevation be considered too lofty for a republican, there is still another resource; let there be a law by which no man is suffered to fill the presidency during two terms consecutively. This the old Roman, as his adulators call him, himself proposed when on the threshold of office, which certainly no Cato could object to. Should he then desire to reward his friends, he has sufficient power, and no more; for gratitude, to those who can have no future favours to bestow, will not be likely to do much mischief. Should he be an avowed punisher of his political opponents, his inflections can only be temporary; whilst the thirst of vengeance may be moderated by a sense of impotence.

This last reform, however, has one imperfection, from which the first is comparatively free; he may desire to perpetuate his own power in the person of his successor. But the people hold the means of preventing this, which, if they do not exercise, they have to bear the consequences of the blame will rest on their own stupidity, and on the rashness of the founders of the Constitution, for having endowed a mob with sovereign power. A democracy should be limited as well as a monarchy; an ill-informed multitude resemble children—they hardly know what they would be at, or what is good for them; whilst the most enlightened, with their collected wisdom, too often resemble a man in his individual capacity, who cannot always exercise his faculties for his own best interests. For my part, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to despotism, hateful as it is, instead of a democracy unlimited, and conscious of its own strength; and I have had some experience in both, for I was in France when Charles X. was trampling on the laws, and I have witnessed a still more lawless and tyrannical abuse of power where the people governed, or rather misgoverned themselves, in the new States of America.

But the most singular joke of all is, that this same triumphant democracy is constantly railing at prostrate aristocracy; not contented with routing them, they scold them too; though I should have thought their insignificance ought to be a sufficient protection. Let us inquire what aristocracy is in the United States? It consists chiefly of men who, by superior industry, intelligence, and enterprise, raised themselves above their fellow-citizens; for riches always confer distinction—even envy is a homage paid to it—and in no country on earth is it more ardently worshipped than in this. They are republicans of a different stamp from the Spartans—they do not care for iron money. These men have so arisen, as they increase in wealth are gradually improving their stock of knowledge; being naturally anxious that their ignorance should not remind their new associates of their former low estate. I have known many of these almost self-educated men, who I have no doubt, possessed far more sense and information than General Jackson himself.

Besides these aristocrats, there are a few descendants of families which were of some note previous to the revolution, who are not generally remarkable for wealth, and who are of little consideration outside of their private circles. The rich and the poor, too, are constantly changing places, owing to the equal division of inheritances, to extravagance, to industry, to hazardous speculations, gambling, and bankruptcies; and those who rail to-day against the aristocrats, may enter their ranks to-morrow. Such are the persons against whom the present executive denounces through the agency of their hired publications; and all because they would fain have a hand in the management of their own affairs. Now they did not succeed, but they were guilty of having made the presumptuous attempt. They dared to oppose the re-election of Andrew Jackson, who had opposed their interests, but whom, at all events, they were free to reject; and so drew down upon themselves the whole army of placemen, whose bread depends on the breath of the President; followed by that vast multitude, whose days are passed in bodily labour, and who mistake their own interest in the mysteries of currency and the regulation of society.

The question may be thus simplified:—The bank wanted a renewal of their charter, Congress granted it, but Jackson vetoed it; Jackson being a candidate for re-election to the presidency, the bank opposed him, with all the influence and means at their disposal. Bank stock being held by moneyed men instead of canal makers and hod-men, the bank is called an aristocratic institution, and denounced as dangerous to a republican government. This must mean that property should not be protected; that the owners of it are not to "do as they please with their own;" but that canal-makers and hod-men will kindly relieve them of the trouble of managing it. Nineteenth of the property of the United States are ranged on one side of the national bank, who say that there will be no getting on without one; the other tenth in property,

but majority in numbers, decree that they shall do without one; that if they must employ their money in banking, they may place it in the state banks, where it will be under the control of the state legislatures, who, being elected by them (the tenth), will, in return, appoint them bank directors, and thus between them fatten on the "spoils of victory."

Universal Suffrage is, or will eventually be, the crying evil of this republic; a levelling principle is abroad, an intolerance of refinement, and an ambition of exercising rights which their superiors cannot, without degradation, contest. Coarseness they are pleased to consider as essentially republican, because they themselves are coarse; and to shout, drink, and wrangle at elections is glory enough for them. Yet I am satisfied that they would never have been so inveterate against the bank, had not "the hero of New Orleans" opposed it; his decree against it did not add to its popularity, but his popularity rendered popular the decree. He "takes the responsibility," that is, he interprets the constitution as he pleases, supported by a majority; and if he hung Nicholas Biddle, I little doubt that a majority would countenance the act, and call it Roman firmness and decision.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ANGELIC DEFICIENCY.—A want of legs is not the only deficiency under which the cherubim labour, according to the capital story told of St. Cecilia. That saint was one day singing and playing on the organ, when the chapel was suddenly filled with cherubim, who kept fluttering round her as long as she continued her tuneless devotions. The saint, apprehensive that they must be tired from the length of time which they had been poisoning themselves on their downy wings, addressed them with—"Assyezyvous, mes enfans;" to which she received for answer, "Merci, madame, merci; mais nous n'avons pas de quoi."

LADY MARY MONTAGU'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS A TOAST.—Accordingly, a trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he, of course, belonged to the Kit-cat club. One day at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging, that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and, in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company, consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another—was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified: there is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, in many a way, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.—*Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

CANDOUR.—When Lady Bute was nearly grown up, some of her young friends wanted to bring about an acquaintance between her and Miss Furness, an heiress of their own age. Miss Wortley had no objection; but Miss Furness, who did, and so resolutely, that they insisted upon knowing the reason. "Why, then," said she, at last, "I will honestly own, your praises of Miss Wortley make me sure I shall dislike her. You tell me she is lively and clever; now I know I am very dull, so of course, she will despise me, and turn me into ridicule, and I am resolved to keep out of her way." The young set laughed most heartily at this avowal; and Lady Bute, laughing, too, then told of it, came to divert her mother with the story. But, instead of amusing Lady Mary, it made her unusually serious. "Now, child," she began, after a moment's reflection, "you see nothing in this but a good joke, an absurdity to laugh at; and are not aware what an important lesson you have received—one which you ought to remember as long as you live. What that poor girl in her simplicity has uttered aloud, is no more than what passes in the mind of every dull person you will meet with. Those who cannot but feel that they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If ever, then, you feel yourself flattered by the reputation of superiority remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it."—*Ibid.*

OF HER LADYSHIP'S TONE IN PRIVATE LIFE, even the editor of this publication, who considers her ladyship to have been a very gifted individual, does not venture to speak very flatteringly. His admissions are worth more to truth than they convey on the surface.

"She was not ill-tempered; for our men and maids are the best judges of us in that particular, and the old servant fostered under the roof used to talk of her indulgence and amiability, was fond of repeating her sayings, and almost seemed to have tasted her wit. But mankind is so made, that reproaches, invectives, nay, veritable injuries are not half so sharply felt, or bitterly resented, as the stings of ridicule; therefore a quick perception of the ridiculous must ever be a dangerous quality, although in some few persons it wears a playful harmless shape, and is quite distinct from the spirit of satire. Lady Mary who, one cannot deny, united both qualities, instantly seized the comical point, saw the matter of mirth wherever it was to be found; but had as keen an eye to detect matter of censure, and rarely forbore a cutting sarcasm out of tenderness to the feelings of others. In short, a professed wit, flushed with success and bent on shining in society, bears too much resemblance to a staunch foxhunter eager in the chase, who takes a leap over his fallen companion, whether friend or foe, without stopping to examine how he came down, or what bone he has broken."

"The truth is, that attention and folly must be borne with, or at least let alone, if one would go peaceably through this motley world: which Lady Mary could not expect to do, because she had not Christian patience with either, but attacked and exposed them when they were guiltless of hurting anybody but their owner; and thus made mortal enemies of the vain tribe who would have plumed themselves upon her acquaintance if they could have hoped to escape her animadversions."—*Ibid.*

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently, the fair sex were excluded and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Lancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Colham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter; Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Sanderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Sanderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of

the squadron, pushed at the ill-breeding of a man, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. A modest refusal, he swore by G—he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered him, they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence for half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of their gallery. They stayed their till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt, which is supposed to be the reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably."

"We have had some besieging of doors in our own day—not to procure admittance, but to influence votes—which would make even a better story than this."—*Ibid.*

MACHINE FOR TAKING CASTS.—A new machine for taking casts has been lately invented by a gentleman in Paris, and is called the Physiognotype. It is of a very simple nature, and takes the exact imprint of the countenance, without any disagreeable sensation, by an application of less than two seconds. This instrument is a metallic oval plate, pierced with a large quantity of small holes very close together, and through each of which a metallic wire passes with extreme facility. These needles have the appearance of a brush: the whole is surrounded with a double case of tin, which contains warm water, in order to keep the instrument of a proper temperature with the blood. If any figure be applied against this brush of needles, it yields to the slightest pressure, and leaves an exact mould. The needles are then fixed by a very simple process, and from this metallic mould the cast is taken. It is in fact a new application of the principle of a process familiar to sculptors, by which a fac-simile of a mode, is obtained in marble, the needless in that case being driven into the stone. There is nothing disagreeable in the application of the instrument; but the sensation cannot be well described, although, if the Physiognotype were not heated, it would feel like immersing the face in snow. The impression left is an undoubted likeness, and the mask which it produces is a fac-simile of the mould. Nothing is wanting; even a vein on the temple is faithfully represented.—*Albion November, 7.*

THE STRAIGHTEST SECT.—"Mrs. Napletoft was a religionist of the strictest sect. She held that the world was fast approaching its dissolution; and gave me to understand that my conversion had taken place just in the nick of time. According to her doctrine, none could be saved who indulged in any of the pleasures of life; and she decidedly assumed to herself the possession of a talent with which many worthy persons fancy they are gifted, of interpreting the judgment of providence, both in public and private calamities. The most superfluous fashionable dame could not be more exclusive in her ideas of persons *comme il faut*, than was this superlatively righteous lady in her notions of what constituted a claim to countenance in the world. From what I could collect, indeed, she seemed to be of opinion that few besides those of her own immediate persuasion had much chance of admittance. She herself had evidently a most comfortable confidence in her own adoption; and seemed to assign the next place to Mr. Wellbeloved and a gentleman who had proved his title by expending so much money on Missionary and Bible Associations, that he had none left to pay even his just creditors."

"While Mrs. Napletoft was eulogising the last-named individual, whom she termed a signal and comforting example of grace, a visitor interrupted us, and a beautiful girl, announced as Miss Havellish, entered the room. Mrs. Napletoft, after saluting her, introduced me as one to whom the light had been revealed."

"The young lady, instead of bowing, advanced close to me, pressed my hand, and gave me her blessing. She then turned to Mrs. Napletoft, and, in a voice of anguish, exclaimed that she had been backsliding, and was lost for ever? I was shocked to hear her utter these words, and doubted not, from the countenance and manner which accompanied them, that she meant to imply her having fallen a victim to the arts of man. Mrs. Napletoft, I thought, likewise seemed to expect some such disclosure: for she pursed up her mouth, and, with a serious surprised air, desired her young friend to explain herself."

"Miss Havellish burst into tears. As soon as she could articulate, she disburdened her bosom of the dreadful secret. She had been into the country with her family, who were, unhappily for themselves and for her, worldlings, and, consequently, outcasts: they had, in an evil hour, persuaded her to accompany them to a ball. The widow could not help lifting up her eyes at the bare mention of such a thing; but when the innocent young creature pursuing her confession, said with used the marks of remorse, and that she had not only been at the ball, but had actually danced and enjoyed the sinful pleasure, Mrs. Napletoft regarded her mournfully, and heaved a deep sigh."

"Tell me," cried the alarmed girl, "have I any hope of being reinstated? I have been miserable ever since, if that is of any avail."

"Alas! my child," answered the widow, "Satan could not have so much power over you if you were in a state of grace; and, without that, what availeth any thing?"—*Lionel Wakefield.*

THE THIRTY REQUISITES.

(From Mr. Ainsworth's new novel, "Crichton.")
THIRTY points of perfection each judge understands. The standard of feminine beauty demands,
Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know
That the skin, hands, and teeth, should be peerless as snow.
Three black:—and our standard depature forbids
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-fringed lids.
Three red:—and the lover of comeliness seeks
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.
Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware,
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the hair.
Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears—
Feet short as a fairy's short teeth, and short ears.
Three large:—and remember this rule, as to size,
Embrace the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.
Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste—
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.
Three round:—and in this I see infinite charms—
Rounded fullness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.
Three fine:—and can ought the enchantment eclipse,
Of fine tapering fingers, fine tresses, fine lips?
Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—
Small head, nose and bosom compact in its mould.
Now, the dame who comprises attractions like these
Will need not the coxwits of Venus to please:
While he who has met with an union so rare
Has had better luck than has fallen to my share.

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THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

GENERAL HARCOURT.

Some years ago (for I will give no date to this memoir) I was engaged to attend a lady, the wife of a general officer, and I went down in the stage to Richmond when informed by a note that I was wanted, although it was some weeks before the time specified for my engagement. The note, which was written with a very unsteady hand, acquainted me that, "as Mrs. General Harcourt felt very low-spirited and nervous, she would feel obliged if Mrs. Griffiths would come and reside with her up to the time of her accouchement, and her pay would then commence at the same rate as during the month."

I could have no possible objection to this arrangement. Richmond was a most delightful place, and the General's house was by the side of the river; its gardens and grounds sloping down to its very edge, clothed with a turf soft and green, and dappled over with primroses, violets, and polyanthus in abundance. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of the spot, at least for high culture, and that calm home-view so composing to the mind, and, perhaps, nearly as beautiful though not so grand, as some of those wide-spreading prospects over the bolder features of nature. When I arrived, the place looked like a Paradise; and the lovely young creature that inhabited it, a fit tenant for such a spot.

Mrs. Harcourt, although she had been a wife three summers, was scarcely twenty years of age, and looked like one of Guido's angels, perhaps I should have said, his Magdalens. Her hair, which she wore unadorned, fell in profuse and large ringlets over the fairest neck and shoulders in the world. I have never seen any skin so purely white as Mrs. Harcourt's. She had no colour on her cheeks, except when emotion painted them for a few brief moments with the slightest possible shade of softest pink, which, when it subsided, left them even whiter than before. Her hands and arms were spotless; and as she wore no rings, except her marriage one, nor ornament of any kind or description, clothing that delicate form with muslin of the finest texture simply flowing around her, she looked, as I entered the room, like one of Chantrey's exquisite reclining figures carved in marble; and I felt a thrill of unknown emotion creep over me as I gazed upon her, her eyes closed either in sleep, or in languor, or in thought, and her exquisite form extended on the blue damask sofa in her dressing-room.

The General was reading at a small table near her the history of the Peninsular war; but he was thinking much more of his beautiful wife than of Sir Hugh Dalrymple, and the heroes of that campaign.

General Harcourt politely bowed on my entrance; and, placing one finger on his lip, he pointed with the other hand to the reclining form of his lady near him, then silently handed me a chair, where I could see both husband and wife at my leisure, and commence, as usual, my faint outlines of their character, to be deepened or amended by future observations.

It has been said by some modern reformers, "that circumstances form the character of all human species—that it is made for a man, and not by him." If this be so, we have nothing to do but to find out what train of strange events have surrounded an individual from his cradle to his tomb, in order to write a history of his thoughts, his feelings, and his actions;—to hunt out for the model that has formed him, as we might do at the confectioner's, were we anxious to know the exact pattern of the blancmange, or jelly, we ate a year ago, at the Guildhall dinner, or the exact size of the butter-pan at Lady E.—'s breakfast-table, (now, alas! melted away,) in order to decide a wager. Then, indeed, the "schoolmaster," so long and so uselessly "abroad," might solve the problem of his want of success, for he has been trying his hand on the materials when he ought only to have been making the moulds;—*voilà*, henceforth let him keep a variety of such models by him, properly ranged and in order, at his public schools; and he can make, according to this notion, as many statesmen (and they tell me they are wanted), patriots, painters, poets, as he pleases. But where am I rambling to? I only meant to say, that the mind will have its own wild shoots, its blossomings, and blightings, totally independent of all the schoolmasters in the world, with Lord Brougham at the head of them.

As General Harcourt continued his reading, and his lady remained motionless a full half hour, I had ample time to mark every turn of his anxious features, and every article of furniture in the room.

The General was rather beyond the middle age, with handsome not features; a little inclined to corpulency; and I soon found out, by the peculiar make of his shoes, that he was sometimes troubled with the gout. He had a florid, healthy look; and, I made up my mind to believe, could take a couple of bottles, at least, of claret, whenever he chose. He seemed of an open, easy temper, rather (I fancied) fond of gay and jovial discourse, kind and affectionate in his temper, and, above all, doubtless fond of his young partner. This last surmise could not be doubted, for he was every instant turning his eyes from his book towards her; and once, when she faintly sighed, he half started from his chair, and I thought, as he replaced himself, that he sighed also.

I had forgotten to state that, with the true politeness that ever distinguishes the real gentleman, especially towards women, General Harcourt had handed me a volume of Madame de Staël's *Cornetelle*, immediately after I had sat down; and I fancied (but I am certainly a great fancier) that the place where I tried to open it stuck together a little, from the falling of a tear upon the leaf. It was scored and underlined in a hundred places. I deciphered, with some difficulty, the following lines, written in pencil at the bottom of a page; and I have, alas! the book by me as a record, having retraced the words with red ink, so as still to preserve the delicate formation of the letters, which were feminine, and in something of what they call the Italian style of calligraphy. I have many more vestiges of the same writing by me.

When winds and waves in frenzy rage;
They calm, at length, and rest repose;
Storm lasts with us from youth to age,—
Ceaseless the tide of passion flows.
No sunshine ever beams again
Upon that heart once shadowed o'er.—
Its chords once tuned to passion's strain
Will vibrate nought but passion more.

I turned my eyes from the book, when I had made out the words clearly to my mind, and gazed long and steadily on her who I supposed had written them. There she lay, calm to all appearance—motionless as a lake in summer—and how classically beautiful! My looks spoke my admiration; and the urbane General, who had, no doubt, been making the same observation for the hundredth time the day, every day since he had been married, perceived my silent homage to her charms, and smiled intelligently in reply to it. Thus I interpreted his smile: "Yes, she is the most exquisite being on the face of the earth; and she belongs to me. How proud I am of having such a creature! Yes, I am proud I have the most beautiful wife any man, I believe, in the kingdom."

Just then Mrs. Harcourt moved, and, raising one of her delicate hands to shade her eyes from the light, although blinds were half drawn, she slowly opened them.

What eyes did she unfold! What tenderness, what softness in their expression! yet, what melancholy, too! In that time I had never much esteemed blue eyes, and, in their time, been thought somewhat of; but, decided, all the children of Cupid and Psyche have eyes of celestial blue; and if there is one amongst those beings possessing eyes of any other colour—black,

brown, or hazel—I should pronounce the rogue at once illegitimate, and have him drummed out of the family.

"I am glad you are come, Mrs. Griffiths," murmured one of the sweetest voices I had ever heard; "I wished to become acquainted with you before." She paused, and a soft tinge passed over her cheek. "Ah! Harcourt," she continued, "how kind and attentive you are to me; you have been sitting here all the time I have slept, I fear." And she fixed those love-beaming orbs full upon him. There was a searching inquiry in their expression, and an ill concealed uneasiness, that I could not well account for.

"You fear! Emma," said the General, good-humouredly. "Did you think, then, that I should 'murder sleep' by my creaking old shoes, or by an ill-timed clasp with my nose, loud as 'hunter's call'?" No, my love; I have been as quiet as a mouse (that has done nibbling), and am rejoiced to find you take such calm repose. I will leave you now to the care of a more experienced watcher. But, remember, Mrs. Griffiths, that I am not yet a banished man. You are not yet the lady of the ascendant here but by courtesy; and Emma will not make the time of our separation—which I suppose must come some time or other (and he turned deferentially to me, as if I were the best judge of the when and the where)—longer than is necessary. Good morning, dearest! as I have business at the Horse Guards, I think I shall sleep in Gloucester Place to-night. Have you any objection, or any commands? Can I bring you any new publication—any new music? Any thing in your way, Mrs. Griffiths?" And he laughed at his own fancy of his going to choose baby-linen, or China candle-cups. "Good bless you, Emma!" he added most emphatically; "keep up your spirits, and take, if you can, a stroll on the lawn in the afternoon; it will do you good; and I can trust my sweet girl with the excellent Mrs. Griffiths; she knows already what a treasure leave under her care." This was said with much gallantry and affection; and I thought to myself, as the good-looking officer stooped to kiss the cheek of his lovely wife, "At any rate, he deserves to be happy. I trust he is so. But, for her? I shall know more soon."

Mrs. Harcourt now rose, and shook back her clustering hair. She invited me to a little womanish conversation, which it is needless to relate; all my female readers—at least those who have had the weal or woe of becoming mothers—may judge of its import; and at four precisely we had a boiled chicken, &c., served up to us in her elegant dressing-room, I performing the office of carver, which, as I have had an elegant table of my own, I think I can achieve as well as most ladies; for, although a monthly nurse, I still consider myself a lady. As in the army, so is it in the code of etiquette. "Once a captain, always a captain,"—once a gentleman (and how few there are of the real ones!), and you are dubbed a gentleman for life. It is impossible to lose caste, as they say, by doing this or that. I have seen the most costly exotic growing in a cottage's garden, purloined, no doubt, from the squire's hard by, by the thrifty gardener; I have beheld it flourishing there among the vulgar daffodils and sunflowers, and have wondered how it came there; but I never had a doubt as to its identity. The camelia did not dwindle down into the piony, nor the beautiful Erica, into a common heath-flower, by association with the plants around it.

I possess a very valuable diamond ring; it was given to my late husband by —, no matter who. It is composed of one large brilliant; and I sometimes wear it before I come into actual office, as at this time, knowing how much is gained with most people by dress and decoration. I had this ring on as I carved the chicken, and saw the eyes of Mrs. Harcourt, and the domestic in waiting, riveted upon it. The object was obtained; both respected me more, and I felt they did so. Ring of enchantment! What could a fairy-gift do more? Though last served me this good turn many a time, and oft; and thy brilliant hues have, therefore, not blazed in vain.

There was an air of conciliation in the manner of Mrs. Harcourt towards me that I could not comprehend; it was more than my Indian shawl, my diamond ring, and my quiet, lady-like manners had ever won for me before, since I had entered on my vocation. I had been ever respected, sometime beloved; but here I was courted, flattered by the softest attentions, almost subdued with blandishments; yet I was not satisfied. There was something overstrained, almost unnatural, in the deference she paid to my opinions, and the winning manner in which she sought to draw me into conversation. "She had liked me," she told me, "from the first moment she had engaged me; and had declined the proffered company of one or two female friends she mentioned, and most charming women, too, relations of General Harcourt, to have me with her two or three weeks, perhaps more, previous to her accouchement; and she was so happy now she had secured me,—for I was so far above my situation—so noble in my manner, so entirely fit for a confidant, so certain never to abuse the confidence of those who trusted me,—so feeling, so generous!" I was quite overwhelmed with all these compliments, and had nothing to do but to bow, and bow again, in acknowledgement.

As the evening was a very fine one, I reminded Mrs. Harcourt of the parting recommendation of her husband, that she should take a gentle stroll upon the lawn, or sit awhile near the beautiful Thames, and watch the swans, and hear the nightingale,—for I knew that Richmond, especially near Twickenham, where our house was situated, had numbers of those evening vocalists.

Mrs. Harcourt was all submission—all docility. She would do whatever I recommended; and, after wrapping her up in her large Cashmere, and placing a bonnet on that beautiful head, we wandered out into the shrubberies and lawn.

Mrs. Harcourt was extremely delicate; and I did not think it advisable that she should fatigue herself too much; so we ordered two garden chairs to be set in a place she thought most lovely, but which I should not have selected; and there we sat ourselves down, and continued our conversation, "out of the way," as she observed, "of all eavesdroppers."

I was rather surprised by a question she put to me, as I thought, totally out of place. She asked me, and her voice trembled as she spoke, "Whether I had ever been in love?" The question jarred upon my feelings. I could not at first reply, for I was carried back, as if by a magician's wand, to days long passed—to circumstances I scarcely ever dared trust myself to think on.

The question was repeated, and with a tone of the most intense interest: "My dear Mrs. Griffiths, have you ever truly, exclusively loved?"

They may say what they will, but we are surrounded with moral instincts—guardian angels, if you like to call them so—that always warn us of approaching danger. But we heed not these inward monitors—these voices of "the Divinity that stirs within us."

A chord had been touched within me by the question Mrs. Harcourt had so unexpectedly put to me;—it vibrated throughout my whole being; but distinctly, though not audibly, I heard with the *spirit sense*, but not the outward one that lives within the ear; nor can it be called a sense at all, but that *intelligence* which causes the eye to see, the hand to feel, the mind to think: by this mysterious power I fully comprehended that this question was a snare—the prelude to a trial of I knew not what. "Answer it not," said the internal voice; but the hour was unpropitious for such warning. I had been taken unawares; memory was strong within me; the evening was soft, the scene enervating; the voice of Mrs. Harcourt attuned to the tenderest sympathy, and she had laid her swanlike hand on mine as she waited my reply, and fixed those pleading, searching, lovely eyes upon me.

"Have I ever been in love, madam?" I replied, and

my own voice sounded deep and hollow. "O God! O God! Yes, fervently, devotedly; but the hand that was linked in mine, and I trusted would have guided me through life, is,—oh! what is it now?"

A short silence followed this sudden burst, and tears were shed on either side. I felt ashamed at my folly. I, who had schooled myself to such an outward appearance of firmness, calmness, even of matron-like decision, to be whimpering like a school-girl, and betrayed into a romantic frenzy of expression, like a second Juliet! Oh, it was too bad! Besides, I had lost my guard, as the fencers say; I lay open to any attacks that might be made upon me; and it was not long before I felt the approaches of the enemy, in the insinuating voice of the almost agonised Mrs. Harcourt.

"I knew it must be so," said my fascinating neighbour; "every look told me that you had been one of *Love's victims*; your beauty, your elegance—"

I interrupted her with some little shew of displeasure. "What mean you, madam, by the term, *Love's victims*? I have been the honoured wife of a brave and noble gentleman; I am his virtuous widow, and—"

"Still you are *Love's victim*!" and she smiled most sweetly on me. "Could aught on earth induce you to take a second husband?"

"Not for worlds."

"Did I not say as much? I am fully answered." There was another pause. "Good God!" said I, mentally; "can it be possible that, after all my pains, my deep sense of propriety, the sacredness of my inner feelings, that every look of mine should declare that I am a hopeless victim to the power of Love! Have I, then, worn my sorrows on my sleeve." I added, "for vulgar eyes to gaze on!" I hated myself at the moment most cordially, and resolved, like a true penitent, to do severe penance for my folly, and exercise it for ever.

My meditations and resolves were now interrupted by the low, plaintive breathings of a flute, that seemed immediately behind us, in a thick plantation of fruits and flowering shrubs.

Mrs. Harcourt started violently, more, I thought, than even the most nervous person in the world would have done at such sweet sounds; her hand, which still reclined on mine—she had forgotten to remove it—trembled with emotion; and I became again fully conscious that some evil influence was near.

"The evening air begins to grow chill, madam," I said, with that air of decision I had ever found of such great service to me with invalids and nervous ladies. "The General committed you so strongly to my care, that I dare not disobey him. Shall we return, madam, to your dressing room?"

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Harcourt, "you are not fond of music, I see. I wonder at it; and at this witching hour of eve, too! Does not music awaken in you a thousand tender recollections?"

"It is not always safe, madam," I replied, with marked emphasis, "to indulge in retrospections. The path of duty is often a severe one, and requires all our energies to walk in it aright. All that enfeebles us is unwholesome; and, therefore, music, if it call back too fervently the images of the past, is pernicious."

She sighed deeply, and softly repeated the following lines from the *Lady of the Lake*; but I had a shrewd suspicion that they were intended for other ears than mine:—

"But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has got a harder task to prove,—
By firm resolve to conquer Love."

So assured did I feel, by the peculiar manner in which she last intimated this quotation was pronounced, that there was some *causes-dropper* near us, that I arose, and respectfully declared that I should not perform my duty to my sacred trust in allowing her any longer to breathe the dangerous atmosphere around us, in her peculiar situation. She arose, also, weakly, dejectedly; and, saying not another word, she took my arm, and returned with me to her chamber.

For the rest of the evening, and throughout the following day, there was a sort of armed neutrality, to use a soldier's phrase, between my interesting foe and myself. I was fully conscious that she well understood that I had a secret meaning when I uttered the words *dangerous atmosphere*, and she feared to prove me further. Her dejection increased, her sighs were incessant, and she attempted not to conceal her tears. She looked at me most pathetically, and there was disappointment, and almost despair, mixed up in the glances of those beautiful eyes. Her attentions to me even increased, although she had plainly no hopes of abating my strong sense of principle, or of winning me to her purpose, whatever that might be. On my part, I was struck with her generosity, charmed with her engaging manners, and affected with her sorrows. We could talk on no common subject, for our hearts were full; there would have been hypocrisy in the attempt, and this we agreed in by mutual but tacit compact. We tried a game of chess, but it would not do. What cared we for ivory kings, and queens, and knights, and bishops? There was an intelligent smile passed between us, as she languidly cried, "Check to the king," when her own, without our knowing it, was check-mated. I put away the board, and she ordered her maid to bring us up a large portfolio of drawings, from the library; but we found that the general had taken away the gold key from his filigree padlock. We were again foiled. "I have some other drawings," she exclaimed; "fetch them from my Indian cabinet, Annette."—We sat down to examine them.

They were chiefly sketches, drawn in a masterly manner, of West Indian scenery. In one, a party of ladies and gentlemen were on horseback, ascending one of the blue mountains. One of the fair equestrians had been thrown from her horse, and an officer, by main strength, was stopping the furious animal from dragging her down a precipice.

"This is a most spirited sketch," I observed. "I could almost fancy that you were the lady who had been dismounted; there is a strong resemblance, though done so freely."

I repeated having made this observation, for the eyes of Mrs. Harcourt filled with tears; and, taking my hand, she placed it amongst her clustering hair. "Do you feel any thing there?" she asked. I distinctly felt a small piece of silver under her ringlets. She had been trepanned. Her head had been fractured, she told me, by that accident, and she had nearly lost her life.

"Would that I had died at that moment!" she exclaimed, passionately; "I should then—"

"I fear the sight of these drawings agitate you, my dearest madam," I said, with real compassion.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed; "they do me good—they do me good!" There were several more by the same hand—bold and masterly. She did not tell me who was the artist, nor would I have asked her the question for the world. If the general had done them, why should she not be proud to own it? I praised the drawings no longer; and this delicately organised creature told me, with a mournful smile, that she comprehended why I was silent.

If ever fascination dwelt in human form, it inhabited that of Mrs. Harcourt. She seemed to enter into one's very soul, and commune, by those eloquent eyes of hers, with its very secret thoughts. "Oh Heaven!" I cried, as I retired at night from this feminine and not unfriendly warfare; "O Heaven! grant that this most captivating woman may only have venial offences to repent of! that her heart may have been the only criminal to her marriage vow. Would that I had never seen her!"

She read to me aloud on the following day. She showed me all her baby finery. She had been married, she told

me, three years, and never until now had given the general a hope of presenting him a child.

There was extreme embarrassment of manner in her telling me this; she could hardly force herself to bring it out, and then with averted looks, and a deeper flush than I had ever seen before. But there is always much delicacy respecting a first child: I only thought hers was extreme.

The general returned in the evening. The pockets of the carriage were loaded with presents for his lady; and he told us that he had actually ordered himself, from Weale's, in Berner's Street, a white satin pincushion, after the fashion of one that had been preserved by his mother, and shewn to him as a relic of his own birth-honours. "You will have it the day after to-morrow," Mrs. Griffiths, said he, addressing himself to me. "It will be in time, I hope."

I saw his lady could not endure his talking on this subject. That was natural enough; but she might have afforded him a smile for his kind intention.

It is a great comfort not to be too quick-witted. The good general, animated by the paternal anticipations, nay, even longings, to behold his child, perceived not what pain he caused its mother. He was full of the subject, and shewed me a copy of the lines he had ordered to be placed on the cushion, which he said had been used, word for word, in the Harcourt family for many generations. It may serve as a sample of pincushion poetry for many more! so I give it here verbatim.

"Sweet babe, whatever thy sex may be,
Thy mother's smile will welcome thee;
And this fond verse shall also prove,
A record of thy father's love."

I began now to find out that Mrs. Harcourt always became more abstracted and uncomfortable whenever the general was present; and, to escape from his conversation and assiduities, perhaps from actual weariness of spirit, she would recline on the sofa, apparently under the influence of sleep; but I soon detected that any thing so holy a visitant bound up her senses. She indulged in reverie, in retrospection, in dark forebodings. I thought once or twice she wandered a little in her discourse, when she chose to speak at all; and I heard the stifled sigh—the spasmodic sob.

A week had now passed, and we continued on the same terms, or rather, the kindness of Mrs. Harcourt increased daily. We often sat for hours on the lawn; and every evening we had occasional snatches from the same unseen musician; but no allusion whatever was made by either of us to the subject. The general had been appointed governor of one of our western colonies, and he only waited until the accouchement of his lady was safely over, ere he departed with herself and suite for his new honours and abode; but I observed, with extreme anxiety, that Mrs. Harcourt now seldom liked to speak at all. She gave herself up to her own internal feelings, whatever they might be, and I trembled for her reason. I sat and gazed on her for hours; so meek, so gentle, so unhappy. I began to think myself harsh and unfeminine in not suffering her to unburden her griefs to me. "Surely," I thought, "I may console her; I may even strengthen her better feelings, if she have them, or rouse them to quicker action. At any rate, I cannot endure any longer to see her thus."

I have said she was a woman of infinite tact—of the most acute penetration—that she could divine the very thoughts. She read my pity in my eyes, and, as usual, her own held commune with me. I felt myself pledged to hear her story, though not a word had been spoken between us.

"You are a kind hearted, excellent creature, Griffiths (for such you choose to call yourself); but you are more than this,—you are noble and generous. From my very soul I thank you for the sacrifice you are making of your honourable principles to humanity and compassion; nor will you shrink from the wretched being who has but only you to confide in. You will save my reason, perhaps, by your timely kindness."

Those pure and beautiful arms entwined themselves round my neck—that lovely face hid itself in my bosom. She panted for breath, and seemed torn to pieces by the appalling secret that escaped her lips,—for the moment she had spoken she fainted in my arms.

What was that dark, mysterious secret? It was a thousand times worse than I expected.

Such was the precarious state of this fair young creature's nerves, and so great an ascendancy had she gained over me by her affectionate, appealing manners, that I uttered no exclamation; but I felt, at the bottom of my heart, and also, as quick as lightning, the most unpleasant situation in which I was placed by her confession. An honourable and confiding husband, a British officer, and a gentleman, to have a spurious offspring palmed upon him for his own! I thought of the simple, though commonplace, lines which he had, in the unsuspecting guilelessness of his heart, ordered to be placed on the cushion, as—

"A chord of a father's love."

Of all treachery, surely this, (practised, I fear, too often,) stabbing the very centre of domestic faith and manly tenderness, is the very worst: it is one base and abominable lie from the beginning to the end.

"I see you despise me, Mrs. Griffiths," said, at length, the beautiful delinquent; "and yet I have no fear that you will betray me to the general; it would break his heart. Besides, it would cost much blood—his blood; and I and his infant must perish, also; or, I, perhaps, may become unconscious of the calamity around me;" and she placed her hand upon the late fracture on her brain. I am sure the action was involuntary, and not intended to intimidate me.

"Be assured, madam," I said, solemnly, "that even the rack should not extort your appalling secret; but I have a right, and I will use it fearlessly, to extort from you a promise in return, which God assist you to keep sacred. This unholy connexion must not continue; and should the injured general at some future time, have really a child, this innocent and expected intruder on its rights must not—"

She would not suffer me, to finish,—a convulsion passed over her as she answered. "I swear that the crime shall not be repeated. I have before taken this oath, and should I ever—but that will never be,—this unhappy, but beloved infant—oh, how beloved for his sake!—is the only one destined for Emma Harcourt to bring into this world of sin and sorrow!"

"But that flute!" I said, half reproachfully.

"Oh, deny me not that one mournful pleasure,—break not two hearts at once by your severity! Those sounds are the only communication now between hearts that love each other to their own ruin. Can there be crime in listening to music? But for that flute, how should I know that he existed? How could I be certified that he pines and adores me? How could the father of his only offspring endure life himself, and be cut off wholly, at a time like this, from its hourly expecting mother?"

Again I grew alarmed. She became incoherent, and off her guard. I heard the general's steps coming up the stairs; and I promised her that I would not prevent the music.

"Shall I hear it after my hour of trial and of anguish?" she added. "Will you open my casements to its sound? Will you let me, without chiding, listen to every note, and suffer me to interpret its meaning, yet reproach me not?"

"Be calm, madam, let me conjure you. This is no time to argue with you on punctilio and propriety. I will be most kind, most indulgent. On your part, be generous, also. Struggle with your besetting sin, and indulge it not by romantic associations. But the general is here; be cautious."

My mind bled for the fond, the devoted, husband. I

turned away to conceal my tears; but, with the quickness of affection that ever fears for those it loves, he perceived my agitation, and looked alarmed.

"How is my beloved Emma, Mrs. Griffiths?" said he, addressing himself to me; for Mrs. Harcourt had recourse, to her usual method of feigning sleep at his approach.

"Will you step with me into the library?—I wish to speak to you," and he went softly out of the room.

Those persuasive, dark blue eyes opened in a moment. "Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Griffiths! remember your sacred promise," she said, extending her hand to mine.

"Did you speak, my love?" asked the injured husband, returning. "I thought I heard her voice; but I am growing nervous myself, I believe. These affairs are new to me. Would to God it were over!"

"Tell me, my kind, good lady," said the general, handing me a chair, "tell me your real opinion of Mrs. Harcourt's situation." She so extremely delicate—so sensitive—so—*in fact*, I once thought that fearful accident would have destroyed her reason for ever. Did Mrs. Harcourt—*indeed*, you that, through my meddling folly, in suffering her to ride a horse not properly managed, she fell, and had a concussion of the brain? Indeed, I should have lost her then; and then, but for the gallantry of my friend—*one of the noblest young fellows that ever breathed*—he stayed the horse that was dragging my adored wife to instant destruction.

"One of the noblest young fellows that ever breathed!" I said, inwardly. "How little do we poor, short-sighted beings know of each other!"

"Mrs. Griffiths, you do not answer me!" said the still more agitated husband; and you feel alarmed—*so sensitive*—*so*—*in fact*, I once thought that fearful accident would have destroyed her reason for ever. Did Mrs. Harcourt—*indeed*, you that, through my meddling folly, in suffering her to ride a horse not properly managed, she fell, and had a concussion of the brain? Indeed, I should have lost her then; and then, but for the gallantry of my friend—*one of the noblest young fellows that ever breathed*—he stayed the horse that was dragging my adored wife to instant destruction.

"And for my sake, also, I trust," fervently continued the general. "Oh, Mrs. Griffiths, it may sound like a folly to you, but I will not be ashamed to own it; it would break my heart to lose her. I love her even more tenderly than when she was given to my arms by her dying father, and I promised she should be as dear to me as my heart's blood. I have never contradicted her in my life, that is one comfort, come what will; nor has she ever given me the slightest cause. She is an angel! How elegantly will she preside at the government-house of—*!* She will be the queen of the island, you know! I wish you would go out with us. Mrs. Griffiths; between taking care of Mrs. Harcourt and the baby—and, perhaps, others, you know—we will find you employment enough, and we will make it worth your while, too. What say, you, will you go with us?"

I only smiled in reply; and, assuring him that every attention should be paid his lady, I was glad to get away.

The flute was heard now, not only in the evenings, but several times a-day. If there really be language in music, as some suppose, fixed and universal, had we but the key to it, Mrs. Harcourt fully understood the meaning of each cadence; and her countenance flushed and paled as it commenced and died away. She had the delicacy never to allude to it except, once, when she asked, me, "if I thought the general ever noticed the flute."

"He never named it to me, madam," I answered, restrainedly; "as I consider it hazardous to—"

"It is, indeed," he sighed; she; "but I cannot stop it. Poor fellow! he has given up every thing in the world (not excepting his honour), for the melancholy gratification of being near me during nature's trial. I have not even seen his face since his return to England. Surely that is something of self-denial that even you will approve of; but I have promised him by letter, and I must keep my word, that he shall once look upon the face of his child before he quits his native shore for ever. Mine, you know, he will never see again!" and she sighed deeply.

Again tears started into my eyes at the thrilling tones of her voice; it was so subdued, so meek, so desponding, and, I thought, so penitently also.

"They may be happy, yet," said I,—"at least the husband and the wife; for him, he must take his chance; he has invaded the rights of another, and he deserves to suffer. Perhaps the general may die in one of those gout attacks—it often flies to the head and stomach, and they may be a married couple."

It is extraordinary how unjust the human mind is in its wishes and its hopes. We always sympathise with lovers who are unfortunate, and seek to extenuate their errors. The real object of my sympathy ought to have been the unoffending and the injured husband; and yet here was I, who piqued myself on my justice and propriety, quietly putting a worthy and affectionate man into his coffin that two betrayers of his open faith might be happy. And yet, "my wish was far from this thought." We are composed of inconsistencies, shreds, and bits of all manner of colours. Where can we find a character that is "made without seam?"

I reflected all that night upon the difficult and dangerous task I foresaw would be imposed upon me, by one who seemed to have gained perfect ascendancy over me,—one that I dared not refuse; the task, but not the duty, of contriving that the father should look upon the face of his child for the first, and, *trusting*, the only time. I pondered it over a hundred times, a thought of a hundred expedients; and I left the thing, after all, to chance, or, as the ancients would say, "to the decision of Destiny."

I know not even the name of the father, nor did I feel the slightest curiosity. I had known many officers in the army from my early association with it through my husband, and I dreaded to find that I knew the person of the offender. The chances of life (as they call them) are so very strange, such a tossing together in life's lottery of persons and of things, that it was possible—and what is possible often happens, that this young man might be a relation of my own, either by marriage or by blood. "If I am to be mixed up in this hateful affair," I said, "let me know nothing of this man but his offence and his suffering."

Another week passed away, and at length the dread time approached. Mrs. Harcourt gave indications that we should soon need the assistance of her medical friend, and a confidential servant was accordingly sent to summon him immediately. General Harcourt looked, as all affectionate husbands do at such a period, restless and uneasy. We advised him to take a little ride in the neighbourhood, to compose his feelings, and we parted with him, with the hope, on all sides, that there might be a speedy termination to our suspense.

Not half an hour had elapsed, and we were all in the same state, *neither worse nor better*, when the general returned, and, tapping at the door, asked if he might be admitted just for a single moment, to speak to Mrs. Harcourt.

"Something has occurred to agitate him," whispered the lady. "I know his temper so well, and the tones of his voice, that I cannot be mistaken."

"Shall I admit him, madam? I will do just as you desire. I can dismiss him, if you please, *now* without offence."

"Oh, send him away, then; yet, stay. I am uneasy to know what has happened. Can he have seen—"

"You may come in, sir, for a minute, if you please; but, of course, you will only speak a word or two to your lady, now."

"He entered the room,"—his face was flushed even to crimson; but I saw no abatement of tenderness in his manner to her. He most kindly inquired how she was, and bade her be of good cheer, for the *worst would soon be over*.

"But, Emma," he said, with much animation, "whom do you thank I have this moment seen? He would not know me, though! You will be surprised, and delighted too; that is, if he is not making a fool of himself, as I ve-

ry much fear. But, can you conceive it, I absolutely saw *Horace Lytleton*, your former preserver, and my *protégé*, skulking about under the trees in this neighbourhood. Some love affair, I'll lay my life on it. But only think, Emma, of Lytleton having come from the West Indies, and not told us of his intention; 'tis very strange. How has he managed with his regiment, I wonder? Are you not surprised, love? and, pleased, too, I warrant. He has just come in time to be sponsor to our boy, hey, Emma? I declare I am so surprised, yet so angry, with the fellow, for slighting his old friends, that I can hardly contain myself. I'll play him a trick for it."

Not a word did the poor lady answer; but her pale face grew whiter still, and her lips trembled with emotion. "I must take the liberty, sir," I said, "of putting you out of our apartment, I see; and I am sure you will forgive me."

The general departed.

"Oh! Mrs. Griffiths, this is most unfortunate; I shall no longer be cheered and supported by those much loved strains. Lytleton dare not, after this meeting, approach our premises again; and I have nothing to do but to die!"

In a few hours a fine healthy boy was given to my care; and nearly at the same moment we heard the breathings of the flute. She burst into an agony of tears.

"Let me look upon him; let me press him to my heart! O God! the very image of my adored!"

"Can you find out a likeness of the general so soon, madam, said I, touching her hand significantly; for her own woman still loitered in the room with officious pertinacity, and one or two other female servants were passing to and fro. "You will have plenty of time to scan his features, by and by; but now you must be quiet. Recollect, madam, I have supreme authority; my full reign has commenced, and I forbid all talking."

"And must I go with this lie to the poor general?" I thought; "acquaint him that he has a son, when I know the contrary! Must I keep to myself the truth? Yes, it must be done; and I went down accordingly."

"Mrs. Harcourt, sir, is safe; she has given birth to a lovely boy." He wrung my hand, and left in it a small brown purse. This I could not take; and he, mistaking my motive only, said, "It matters not, I shall find some other way."

The young mother doated on her infant.

At early dawn, and at midnight, we constantly heard strains from our unseen melodist; sometimes he played for an hour together the most difficult passages, and at others only some exquisite melody; he always finished with that of Moore's—

"Oh, come to me when day light sets!"

"He is pleading with me to see his child, Mrs. Griffiths! How can you deny him? Oh, take the baby to him!"

"Alas! madam, after his encounter with the general, how dare I? Have patience; it is very probable that he may be met by him again, and then he will be brought to the house, and I can manage it without suspicion."

And it was even so. The general out-manceuvred the aide-de-camp. Suspecting that some lady near our house must have attracted Mr. Lytleton from the West Indies, the general lay in ambush, and fairly caught him by the arm, with his flute in his hand, not a stone's-throw from our plantation; but, fortunately, still he was not on the grounds.

"Ha! I have caught my man?" said the general, holding him fast, and looking him full in the face. "Horace, you are pale? yes, very pale, and sadly altered? My dear fellow, think not to escape me now. Why, you know I would help you in any straight, whether in love or in war; so, confide in your old friend, and believe that you have not a firmer one on earth. Come, come, Lytleton, confess that you are under the influence of the tender passion, and have followed your mistress to England; but we'll undermine the citadel, and force her to a capitulation. Courage, my boy! How you tremble, Horace! Lean on my arm, and come in with me; a bottle of burgundy will set you all to rights. Congratulate me, Horace; your old friend, Emma, has just made me a father! Such a chopping boy! We will bribe the nurse to let you see him, although it is rather early times yet; rather punctilious, too, is Madam Nurse. Good God! Horace Lytleton, you have not spoken a single word to me yet! What, in the devil's name, is the matter with you? You look as if you beheld a ghost; you quite alarm me!"

"I am ill, General Harcourt; you see I am ill: I am an altered man since last we met, I am no longer worthy of your confidence; I cannot enter your house, Oh, God! oh, God!"

"What, you have got into some absurd scrape or other? But I'll help you through it, man. I have been young myself, and had my follies. You shall beset upon your legs again, or Ned Harcourt is no general. Horace, do you want money? Only tell me the sum, and I will write an order on Cox's house directly; and when Emma shall know it, though you are such a favourite of hers that she would not grudge you half my fortune. Do you remember how you saved her life? Bless you, Horace!"

A groan of agony was the only answer of Horace Lytleton, and he reeled, fainting, against a tree.

I heard the whole of this conversation; for I was beating round the bush, with the baby in my arms, watching for Mr. Lytleton, to shew him, according to our treaty, its tiny features. I was obliged to conceal myself amongst some shrubs, or, I too, should have been caught.

The general seemed half-distracted; he flew to the house for assistance, and I escaped to Mrs. Harcourt's room. I did not tell her of the scene I had witnessed; but she perceived that something had occurred, and that I had not succeeded; just after, a housemaid came into the room for some restoratives. "The gentleman," she said, "was as white and as cold as death, and the general was moaning over him. She thought he was dying, and so the butler brought tea."

Mrs. Harcourt looked from her bed, and, like a maniac, would have rushed from the apartment. I held her by main force, and compelled her to return to her bed. I assured her that Mr. Lytleton had only been overpowered with emotion, and would soon recover. I even offered to go myself, and assist in his restoration, if she would promise to compose herself. I went; but felt uneasy at leaving her alone.

Horace Lytleton was placed upright in a large library-chair, and the general was bathing his temples with vinegar. He was just beginning to open his eyes; mine rested on him. Never shall I forget him.

In a moment I saw this interesting young man was in the last stage of decline; his cheeks were hollow, his lips were bloodless, Passion had ravaged one of the fairest of God's creatures!

He could not endure the kindness of the good general; remorse was gnawing at his heart; he longed to escape into the garden and he looked wistfully at the garden-door. "The gentleman wishes for air," said I; "leave him, sir, if you please, a few moments with me. I know how to manage him; you people who are ill better than you do." Mr. Lytleton seemed to comprehend my meaning, and tottered towards the door. I saw the big drop roll down the cheek of General Harcourt. Oh, how he loved the man who had injured him!

When I had got Mr. Lytleton into the garden, I rapidly told him that Mrs. Harcourt had sent me out to shew him the baby; and that, in fact, I knew all the circumstances of the case.

"How is my love, my adored Emma?" said the poor youth. "Oh, madam, have pity on us both; one moment's human frailty has undone us! To General Harcourt I owe every thing; education, my commission, all—all! and how have I requited him? She was so fair, so exquisitely lovely, and I adored her, that, in an unguarded hour, honour, gratitude—all was forgotten! But it has broken my heart. Let me only behold her and my—*her* offspring, and I shall die content!"

How dangerous it is to enter the slippery road of deception! Deeper and deeper was I getting into this miserable affair; I seemed to have lost all power of resistance. I promised Mr. Lytleton that, "if he would, compose himself, he should have one parting interview with the mother of his child." I led him back into the library, and then ran up stairs to Mrs. Harcourt.

There she sat with anxious eyes, waiting for my coming. Her glances much alarmed me; I saw frenzy was approaching; and, to calm her, as I thought, I told her "that I had promised Mr. Lytleton he should once more behold her."

"Then it must be *now—now*," she answered, impatiently. "Mrs. Griffiths, I am desperate. Bring him to me *now*, or I will fly to the general, tell him all, and expire at his feet!"

Almost wild myself, I again descended the stairs, and sought the general. I told him "that an imprudent servant had informed his lady that Mr. Lytleton was dying in the house; that the fright had produced the most fearful consequences; and I thought it the better way, as the gentleman was so old a friend, to suffer him just to see her for a moment, which might help to calm her agitation."

"By all means, Horace," said the kind-hearted general "go up to Emma. She will find you dreadfully changed, *his true*; but if she hears your voice, it will satisfy her that you are worth a hundred dead men yet. Come, I will present you to her, and she shall shew you her child."

I interposed; but my cheek kindled with shame as I spoke. "Pardon me, sir; but Mrs. Harcourt is so feverish, and so excited, that the fewer persons enter her chamber the better. Mr. Lytleton will, of course, only shew himself for a minute, and speak a couple of words; and then I shall close the door to all, until she is better."

"I don't understand those things much," muttered the good-humoured husband; "nor do I think I ever shall comprehend the tactics of an *accouchement*. I should have thought that seeing me (and I need not have spoken a word, you know) could not have hurt her. I should like to have seen Horace with his—I mean with Emma's infant in his arms."

Lytleton groaned again, and I was perempory. He followed me, trembling, up the stairs; and, bidding him wait a moment at the door, I went in to apprise the lady of his visit. The general had followed, too; and, I found, intended to wait outside the door, poor man! that he might, at least, catch the sound of his Emma's voice, and hear Mr. Lytleton's admiration of his little son.

The plot now thickened; the catastrophe was near at hand. I felt that I could do nothing more than to caution the trembling, half-frenzied creature that her husband was within hearing, at the very door—perhaps would, notwithstanding my prohibition, which I was conscious must have appeared to him both strange and almost insulting, disregard it altogether, and enter with his young friend.

Mr. Lytleton needed not my silent admonition with the hand and eye; he saw the perilous situation of Emma and himself; and "the worm that never dies," remorse, was preying on his vitals.

Fever, and its attendant, frenzy, were coming fast upon my poor patient; her head and temples ached; her pulse beat high; a deeper flush, almost a rose-tint, was on her cheeks; her eyes looked bright and flashing, yet beautiful in the extreme. She held her baby in her arms, as she sat, supported by pillows, in her bed; her cap she had impatiently thrown off—it heated and incommoded her, and those burnished tresses of hers fell around her in rich luxuriance; her voice had that peculiar tone that all persons have, when not under the strict guidance of reason, high-pitched, and piercing. I saw there was but feeble chance of her attending to my signs and whispers.

"He is at the door, madam, waiting your permission to enter; and the general, too, is—"

"Oh, bring him in! why, why does he wait? Horace Lytleton! saviour of my life!"

I absolutely placed my hand over my mouth, to prevent her finishing. I was at my wit's end, I flew to the door, and requested the general to send instantly for a physician; assuring him that his lady was worse. He turned about, and went away, much alarmed; and I led the hapless young officer, more dead than alive, to Mrs. Harcourt.

Why should I attempt to describe the scene that followed? What are words? mere signs; cold forms of speech, compared to the deep-seated feelings of the heart, its agonies, its mortal writhings. A smile, a tear, can be described, or painted; but the three of unutterable passion, the anguish of hopeless love, can only be conceived.

"My own my beloved Horace!"

These exclamations were poured forth simultaneously, and were mingled together in their sound. For a moment—a short-lived moment, they tenderly embraced, and her head rested in his bosom; but when she caught a view of his faded, his sunken features, she gave a shriek that still sounds in my ears from memory. "Oh, Horace! it is true—you are dying! and your unhappy passion for a physician; assuring him that his lady was worse. He turned about, and went away, much alarmed; and I led the hapless young officer, more dead than alive, to Mrs. Harcourt."

I went to the door; the general was not returned; I heard the gallop of the horse sent in quest of the physician; I looked out of a side window,—it was the groom, and not his master, as I hoped, gone on the errand.

When I returned, Mr. Lytleton was holding the baby in his arms, and scalding tears were falling fast upon its innocent little features. The mother seemed to have forgotten her apprehensions, and was entranced with ecstasy. At that moment she seemed to have lost all remembrance that she was the wife of another. She saw her infant in the embrace of its idolised father, and she felt the rapture of his presence; all other sensations were banished from her mind. Her smile was celestial; and just then the general himself entered the room.

"I can stand on no ceremony now, Mrs. Griffiths," he said, sturdily; "if there be danger, who so right to be present here as myself? He came softly round" and beheld the group I have just feebly sketched.

Some new-born emotion was working in the breast of General Harcourt as he gazed upon them unperceived; for each had their eyes riveted upon the infant. "God bless you all!" exclaimed he, fervently; "there are all my heart's treasures together in that little group. Oh, Horace, Horace! I will throw off all disguise, for I am quite unmanly. Emma, my beloved wife! our precious infant is now encircled in the arms of his own brother! Horace Lytleton, I confess you my long-cherished, my natural son!"

Oh, what a pause followed! what an awful silence. The words of General Harcourt had produced a double effect: the emaciated, heart-broken Lytleton was dead; the beautiful, but most wretched Emma was irretrievably mad.

When the physician arrived, his first care were directed to the general's fondly beloved, but never acknowledged son. A vein was breathed, but blood would not follow the puncture; it had already become congealed within his heart. He assured General Harcourt, who seemed quite inconsolable, that Horace had died of consumption, and that no art or medicine could have saved him.

His next care was with my poor patient. He shook his head, as he inquired the symptoms, and saw her state. Leeches, and fomentations, and every kind of application were tried in vain. She raved incessantly and of her husband, and her lover, and her child; but no suspicion of the actual circumstances was awakened in any one,

except in the physician, who gave me a penetrating and questioning look, which I did not respond to, nor would seem to understand. She lived only a week from that time, and before she died recovered for a few hours entire possession of her senses. She gave me many orders, and some bequests. I have executed the former, and am still in possession of many of the latter. It was her dying wish that she should be buried near to Horace Lytleton, or Captain Harcourt, as he now was called by the general's orders; and that I should take the charge of the child for one twelvemonth after her death. She did not repeat her request that the general should know nothing of this secret.—she knew it would be inviolate.

General Harcourt is now gone where, if he be permitted to know all that happened on earth, it will be accompanied with that divine compassion for those two unhappy frail objects of his love, which will prevent it from being a punishment of his happiness; and I trust their intense sufferings for a momentary crime may be expiated by the death of him who pardoned the dying penitent. The child, Lytleton Harcourt, was the only comfort on earth to the poor general; and when he traced the strong resemblance in the features of the boy to this elder son, he was rather pleased than disturbed by it. "It is very natural, Mrs. Griffiths," he would say, when I visited him, after his return to England some years subsequently, and was looking on the child,—*"it is very natural indeed that brothers should be alike."*

Had General Harcourt possessed the moral courage to own, as well as to supply the wants of, his *natural son*, none of this misery would have occurred. But, feeling himself that there could be no danger in his lovely young wife being on the most familiar terms with his son, he forgot that *they* were unacquainted with the circumstance, left them exposed to all the danger of such an intercourse.

Here ends my story. Is there not a lesson, to be gleaned from it? Yes; nor one only, but many, and those important; and, therefore, I have selected it for publication. If one child of intense passion can be restrained, by a perusal of the tale, from abandoning himself to its headlong fury, instead of curbing it by a due sense of duty and religion my end has been answered; and the Monthly Nurse will, in the course of another moon return to another and a "lucifer strain."—*Fraser's Mag. for Nov.*

MISCELLANEA.

ADVERTISEMENT.—When the *North British Advertiser* was first started, some of the "established journals," fearing that their advertising columns might be denuded through the rivalry of a paper which circulated so many gratis copies, made what is technically termed "a dead set" at the anomalous intruder. They were particularly forcible on the text, that an advertisement stood a better chance of being seen in a journal which was read on account of its original intelligence than in one which contained nothing but advertisements. G.—'s reply to this argument struck me at the time as remarkably felicitous: he told them that his paper contained more "original matter" than the whole of theirs put together. To me, who have always regarded advertisements as the only part of a paper worth reading, this rejoinder seems unanswerable. Setting advertisements apart, I never could discover what men find in a newspaper worth attending to. If the news are false, they are worthless; and, if they are true, they are only a fragment of history of no value till we get the context—a brick picked out of the wall, and carried about to show us what a house is like. If it were possible to make either heads or tails out of these fragments taken by themselves, I could see some sense in having them served up "hot and hot;" but as that is not the case, I can amuse myself with Hume and other analysts of the part, or tell what we now call the present is in a condition to be served up in the same solid and satisfactory manner. Of course I would be understood to speak of what may, comparatively speaking, be called the useful portion of newspaper news, for what rational being can be supposed to take an interest in stories of tom-tits, old women blown over in a high wind, casts reviving after being squeezed with a Bramah press in the middle of a bale of flax hemp, portentous gooseberries, and more portentous potatoes? Depend upon it, with the exception of the stocks, markets, and shipping intelligence, there is nothing in a newspaper, out of the advertising columns, which a grown-up man can read without compromising his dignity. My favourite journals may easily be conjectured from what I have said. The *Morning Herald* and the *Times* have stood high in my good graces since ever I can remember. Of late it has struck me that there has been rather falling off in the latter; and on asking a friend, who reads "the rest" of the newspaper, the reason, he told me that the *Times* has of late got into bad odour for deserting its principles. It is so long since I have turned an eye upon that department of any paper with which principle can, by the utmost stretch of imagination, be supposed to have anything to do, that I can exactly contradict my friend. But, as far as I recollect, in (to borrow the words of Cleopatra) "my salad days, when I was green in judgment," and used to wade through these dreary columns, I never could discover that the *Times* had any principles to desert. I fear my old friend has not had fair play. Accuse the *Times* of deserting its principles, which never in the memory of man advocated the same side of the question for three months in succession! And, most cruel of all, withdraw under this flimsy pretext those pocket-filling advertisements for which alone it existed!—*Scottish Monthly Magazine.*

The general form and features of the women of Modern Egypt are thus described:—

"From the age of about fourteen to that of eighteen or twenty they are generally models of beauty in body and limbs; and in countenance most of them are pleasing, and many exceedingly lovely; but soon after they have attained their perfect growth, they rapidly decline; the bosom early loses all its beauty, acquiring, from the relaxing nature of the climate an excessive length and flatness in its form, even while the face retains its full charms; and though, in most other respects, time does not commonly so soon nor so much deform them, at the age of forty it renders many who in earlier years possessed considerable attractions absolutely ugly. In the Egyptian females the forms of womanhood begin to develop themselves about the ninth or tenth year; at the age of fifteen or sixteen they generally attain their highest degree of perfection. With regard to their complexions, the same remarks apply to them as to the men, with only this difference, that their faces, being generally veiled when they go abroad, are not quite so much tanned as those of the men. They are characterized like the men, by a fine oval countenance; though, in some instances, it is rather broad. The eyes, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long almond-form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression; eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived; their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features (however pleasing the latter may be), and is rendered still more striking by a practice universal among the females of the higher and middle classes, and very common among those of the lower orders, which is that blackening the edge of the eye-lids, both above and below the eye, with a black powder called *kohl*."—*Lane's Egypt.*

In giving reasons, men commonly do with us as a woman does with her child; when she goes to market about her business, she tells it she goes to buy a thing, to buy a cake or some plums. They give us such reasons as they think we will be caught withal, but never let us know the truth.—*Selden.*

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